

THE

CHRISTIAN PARLOR MAGAZINE.

MARCH, 1847.

THE GIPSY.

CHAPTER I.

"So it comes towards us, does it? By all the deities of the Pagans, we must make confession, before the holy fathers are swept away."

"Vex not thy tender conscience, Lenaro; though ten thousand plagues should chase each other round the world, thou wouldst still see the priest's gown and friar's hood dogging thy steps."

"Out upon you, thou art no friend to the clergy, Aleus; but believe me, there is no prize like this same religion. Long life to the priesthood, and may many masses be required—"

"Hold thy ungodly tongue, and look upon our worthy Israelite. Ha! Jew, so thou *fear-est* this plague? Pity, if it *should* shorten thy existence of blooming joy!" The speaker gazed sarcastically at the haggard visage of the money-lender, now doubly pale with terror, and scornfully added, "It must be hard to part from thy treasured heaps of gold, objects *worthy* man's affection."

"Or perhaps, Isaac, thou art advised how thy cursed race was held accountable for the pestilence, which, but a few years ago, fanned the air with its radiant wings? Look, Aleus, it is so. The Jew ever shrinks from pain; doubtless, friend Isaac, thou hast hoped to lend money to our children of the third generation,

instead of stretching thy tender limbs on the rosy coals of Christianity! Remember, old man, if the plague rid the earth of thy hideous form, we bid it good speed. Who but a Hebrew of the Hebrews, could extort usury from the brotherhood of the Bohemian forest? Aleus, the sun declines; let us be gone."

The reckless companions turned from the money-stall, and the Jew, regardless of their bitter taunts, clenched his hands tightly together, till the nails parted the parchment-like skin, and blood dropped on the coins before him. Each of the passing throng quickened his step, and touched his amulet; one whispered, "He holds communion with his familiar, some evil betides us;" another said boldly, "He deals in witchcraft, he invokes the spirit of the plague. Fly, O inhabitants of a doomed city."

While these ominous words were uttered, a tempest darkened the sky; the loitering crowd, in the market-place of the vast city of Prague, rushed in confusion along the streets. Priest and robber, noble and mendicant, soldier, Jew and Christian, were urged forward by the resistless tide of life.

CHAPTER II.

FIVE hundred years! As the clock of time has told their lapse, what countless genera-

tions, what myriads of human beings have appeared in the vast tragedy of earth! Mysterious was their entrance upon the stage; like the source of the river that bursts from the sand, just to proclaim its existence, then is plunged again into the depths of obscurity. What changes have been wrought during these ages! Empires have been overthrown; war, pestilence, and famine, have fulfilled their appointed tasks; blotting from earth all memorial of races, who, five centuries ago, walked in the majesty of power. New continents have loomed before the tired mariner, pledges of immortality to his craving soul. Here and there a star is missed from its orbit; a world of intelligence has been extinguished; a voice has been silenced in the oratorio of nature.

And still, the unvarying cycles of time roll on—still, the sun shines with undiminished lustre; the moon, waxes and wanes on her silvery course, as in the days of the shadowy past—still, the same passions animate the breast of man; the same bright spirits smile on his infancy; the same foul forms lie in wait to bring ruin on his head, while yet in the prime of youth.

The stranger of the thirteenth century, wandering through the streets of Prague, would pass the dwelling of the Jewish usurer, without remark. It was even less ostentatious than the adjoining buildings. The air of gloom, imposed by its heavy workmanship, was unrelieved by column or portico. Its entrance was low, and the hall of reception wore so sombre an aspect, that no one desired to penetrate farther into the mysteries of the Hebrew domicile. Rumor said, visitors of no holy description were entertained within its walls; and the Christian passer-by hastened his step, murmuring an Ave Maria. We have been taught, from infancy, to laugh at the superstitions which once caused the mailed warrior to tremble; so, fearless of witch or sorcerer, let us cross the hated threshold.

Beyond the hall of reception, was a long passage, lighted by a brass lamp pendent from the ceiling; it led to a small room, apparently the ante-room of a more spacious apartment. Doors of stained glass opened on a garden, enclosed by gloomy walls of stone. A fountain played in its centre; and amid the dark foliage of the orange and myrtle, reclined a hundred flowers of the sunny south; merry birds drank the dew from their nectared cups,

and warbled harmonious thanks in return; the little parterre seemed revelling in bliss. The mosaic floor of the ante-room represented Jerusalem, as it stood in the pride of its early grandeur: an ebony couch filled a niche; a gilded lamp hung from the high arch, and the velvet folds of a curtain fell across the side opposite the garden. Passing beyond, you seemed to be surrounded by the splendor of the voluptuous East. The stained glass admitted a softened light through the arches, just sufficient to reveal the minute beauties of the place. Delicate incense was diffused through the apartment, and the tinkling of water was heard, as the drops fell from the hand of an alabaster nymph, who stood laughing in a tiny fountain. Upon a table of ivory, stood a golden salver, bearing a roll of parchment. A couch had been drawn beside the table, and thereon reposed Ianthe. A harp lay within reach of her hand, and her brother sat on a cushion at her feet.

"Still, Amri," said a musical voice, "if it were true, if the mysterious man, at whose death the veil of our temple was rent, was indeed the Messiah, think, my brother, on the horrid crime of our nation."

"Ianthe, let not dark thoughts disturb thy noble soul; has not our wise teacher, the learned Rabbi Akiba, assured us it cannot be? That to the Messiah is foretold a kingdom wide as the extent of earth; wealth and splendor, before which the renown of Solomon shall dwindle into dust, and be forgotten? Sweet sister, I fear it is impious for thy heart to imagine the despised son of a carpenter to be our promised King."

"Yet, ever since the awful night, which witnessed the crucifixion of Jesus, a curse has pursued our people. For thirteen hundred years, we have been hunted like wild beasts. See, we may not even approach the city, once our father's pride; never does heaven lay its avenging hand on our foes, but we are executed as magicians, laying waste the earth."

"Ianthe, I will not contend with thee; thou art my elder in years, and often have I heard our Rabbi speak of thy wondrous mind; but tell me, does naught weigh down thy spirit? Dost thou place trust in the gloomy forebodings which sometimes overmaster the heart of man?"

The youth looked eagerly into the lustrous eyes of his companion for reply. A sigh seemed struggling through her lips, but when

she met that gaze, she repressed it, and taking her harp, replied, "Let me sing away thy evil spirit."

"Not now sister, lay thy harp aside, and listen. A cloud has hung on my soul, and when I would have soared to the clear regions of thought, I could not. I rose from my bed and paced our garden walks; the dews of night gently moistened my head, the crescent moon smiled from her throne, and the stars wove their dance to the music of revolving worlds—but their eternity distilled no calm upon me. Passing up the corridor, I crept to our father's door; he groaned, and pressing his hands over his temples, murmured, 'Would God, they too had died, and were laid to rest beside thee.' It was sacrilege to linger, so I returned to my own room. I could not endure the burden alone, and stole to thy couch; peace returned to my bosom while beholding thy sweet face."

A tear hung on the long lashes of the Hebrew girl, but she proudly dashed away the bright drop, and said, "Amri, I have grieved at our father's sorrow, for surely his soul is troubled. I sought the cause, but he bade me question him no more. 'Twere wiser in our luxurious asylum, to forget our hard lot; or wiser yet, patiently to await our fate. Listen, while I read the lofty inspiration of our good prophet, Isaiah." Ianthe took the parchment from the table, and reverentially opened the *Jewish Bible*.

CHAPTER III.

BRIGHT are the suns of India—doubly enchanted are the dews distilled by the moon on her herbs, making the thorn to blossom like the rose. The sky arching above her soil, laughs over the Elysian scene. Her rivers gush from exhaustless fountains, wander among sands of gold, and, at last, mingle with the waves playing around the coral grottoes of her coast. The Peris, have shed their amber tears within her shells, and Naiads dropped their diamonds in her thousand streams. The ruby and topaz light up her mines, while sapphires gleam like stars on her hill-sides. Gay flowers perfume the day, and softer odors are exhaled from the blossoms of night. Palm trees send their tall shafts high into the air, hanging the date to ripen amid sunny skies, and the elephant, in his native grandeur, plucks the ethereal fruit. The silver-footed

antelope paces along the valleys; the dainty leopard quenches his thirst from the sacred waters of the Indus; the Bengal tiger stretches his supple limbs beneath the ebony trees, and myriads of birds fan the air with their brilliant wings. India is the dream-land of the poet, the home of the romancer, the paradise of the fortune-seeker.

Yet, beside the banyan-tree, and under the cocoa-nut branches, crouches the bloody wolf; among the broad leaves of the plaintain the panther is aiming his fatal leap; beneath the tamarind and fig-tree lurks the growling hyena. The serpent wreaths his folds about the mango boughs, and watches your approach with elevated crest, scarcely less gaudy than the parasitic plant by its side. Or, if you seek the bowers of the Indian vine, a scorpion may share your resting-place.

The spotted pestilence has its birth in the shade of those forests, where the humid air is laden with perfumes; boasting a cradle so luxuriant, it knows well to select its victims from the fairest of earth; it drags its bloated form over the world, culling its fruit with a dainty hand. People fly before it, but youth or beauty find no hiding-place from its distended eyes; it tears out the quivering heart of fraternal love, and unsullied faith; rioting on humanity, till the cries of the orphan and widow summon angels to drive the monster to his retreat.

Even now, it had come from its lair and laid its iron grasp on the nations; it prostrated myriads among the exuberance of India; crept through the gardens of Persia, and the harem's gates opened to the ravisher's step. Its feet pressed the soil of classic Greece, and its filthy limbs reclined upon the graceful shafts of Ionia. The funeral hymn was no more chanted beneath the Illyrian cypresses; cities were depopulated, and hamlets deserted. Thus it passed to the verge of the Ottoman empire. Would the pagan monster dare set foot on Christian land?

The nations stood in solemn suspense, till the knell told with its iron tongue, what man shrunk from declaring. The people's voice was stilled in fear—as the silence before the tempest, when the pulses of nature cease to beat, forewarns of turmoil, so, awful is the hush of fervent passion, and when the pent-up waters do find vent, they burst forth in wrath that no offering can appease.

Soon the people demanded the Achan from the camp, in sacrifice to the destroying spirit; there was a moment, wherein each trembled

lest the judgment of the inexorable mob be passed upon him. "Wrath has come upon Bramin, Mahometan; and Christian, by reason of the race, cursed alike of pagan and priest—let it perish from the earth." The "Amen" of a nation, rent the air with its ferocious assent.

CHAPTER IV.

A GAY group was gathered beneath the Bohemian forest; it was composed of men in the first reckless flush of manhood. They stood beside their steeds, as if waiting the arrival of some tardy companion; at length, trampling of feet was heard, and a youth rode into the circle; drawing his rein before the leader of the band, he spoke in a low tone. Aleus, for our former acquaintance, was chieftain of the Bohemian brotherhood, sprang upon his horse and gaily said,

"The plague hovers by the gates of Prague; good treasure it brings for fearless hearts like ours, and right jovially let us receive the grim dragon. You, fellows, follow the course of the Mulda. Lenaro, we will shorten the distance."

A moment more, and silence was broken only by the rustling leaves or chirping squirrel. The two horsemen quickly cleared the woods, and sped along by-paths toward the city of Prague; as they neared the walls, a stream of life was issuing from the gates; people of every rank, fled in dismay from the infected city. The plague spot brightened on the cheeks of many fugitives, and their powerless bodies sunk to the earth, while friends, forgetful of the ties of love, left them to die unheeded.

"See, Lenaro," said Aleus, "how the base cowards cling to life, drawn out, too, as theirs is, in the midst of sighs. There runs a slave; verily, his soul must be blotted out, or he would never yield to the yoke, with death within his reach. Hark, what noise is that. Spur on, and mingle with the crowd."

The roar of ten thousand voices, maddened by revenge, shook the air. "Cut them down, kill them. Sante Marie, *they* too bring a curse on holy Christians."

"No, no; burn them; fry their dry bones on the great square."

"Ay, shouted another voice, that will be the true sacrifice, copied from their own bloody worship; drag them along."

A growl followed, like that of hungry beasts springing on their prey; and one might have thought, all the demons of hell let loose in savage fury.

"Aleus," whispered his companion, "if we hasten, we may gain a peep at the goodly ducats of the money-lender. The people hate him for his usury."

The raging multitude were already gathering about the Hebrew-dwelling, and every imprecation words could shape was pronounced on the Israelite's head. As the strong doors fell, shattered beneath the storm, the Jew came down the hall, with a slow step; his white beard hung on his breast, and his head was bleached by the storms of many years.

The sublimity of the scene touched even the foaming crowd; an old man, just on the verge of life, confronting his murderers with all the dignity of immortal mind. There was an instant's pause, when one shouted, "He bewitches them, he turns them to stone!"

On again sprang the throng, and while some bound the unresisting Jew, others rushed up the narrow passage. Aleus and Lenaro were foremost, but they paused, amazed, within the apartment of Ianthe. The slight boy held his sister tightly in his arms, and they heard him say, "You shall not go; you cannot save him; O Ianthe! save yourself."

"I care not to live, if they murder him; he must not die alone." A fierce tone shouted, "No, pretty Rachel, he *shall* not. Drag the young vipers out. Yet stay," he added, boldly scrutinizing her beautiful person, "tell me where thy gold is hid, and thou shalt live to be my leman, pretty one."

The proud Jewess was unconscious of insult, while rudely thrust along the streets. The mob had torn her brother away, and deservingly raised him on a platform above their heads; she fixed her straining eyes on his form, and her soul seemed bound to the noble youth, who sat in dignity worthy a descendant of the most ancient race of earth.

Fagots were sending up their hot blaze from the centre of the great square in the heart of the city, and the yelling herd crowded the arena. "Aleus," murmured Lenaro, "truly I believe the Jewess *has* spell-bound thee!"

The chief replied, "Listen, and obey. By all the Gods of Christian and heathen, yonder suffering maiden shall be rescued, though it prove the last act of life. Quick, summon our followers, and station them by that cursed fire."

Meanwhile, courage had forsaken the old man; writhing in agony, he begged for life, though it should be prolonged amid torture. His terror caused the spectators to revel in delight, and when the tongues of flame curled around his withered frame, a horrid laugh burst from the throng; then they lapped their bloody lips, and shouted for another victim. Proudly the youthful hero faced the multitude; the veins in his fair temples swelled out like cords, and his hands were tightly clasped; but he shrunk not from the ordeal. The fagots were consumed, therefore they stretched the limbs of their prey on the burning coals. The Hebrew girl saw, and breaking from her bonds, darted to his side; kneeling over him, she pressed her cool hands on his bursting brow. The boy smiled painfully, and whispered, "Ianthé."

At that moment, Aleus, leaping forward, as if in wrath that the victim should be consoled, dragged Ianthé away, and a hundred darts of his followers freed the struggling soul of the Hebrew boy.

CHAPTER V.

New was the home of Ianthé; her floor was carpeted with mosses, and her couch spread with the spotted skin of the leopard. She was sad; the murmurs of the bee fell on her listless ear, for she thought on her aged father, dying amid the flames, and recalled the smile of her brother, when he last breathed her name. But time passes, and bears healing on his wings to the broken-hearted. As weeks took flight, Ianthé found that she was free; her deliverer looked gently on the flower he had rescued from destruction; and she learned to watch for his footstep. He brought a harp to her dwelling, and was an eager listener, while she sang the songs of her childhood. Her youth had been passed in seclusion; the studies of graver years had supplanted the sports in which that gay season often revels. Her teacher had unfolded to her thirsty mind the mysteries of the stars; she loved to watch their eternal voyage over the wastes of immensity, and sought the lessons they unfold to the worshipper of nature.

She taught Aleus to share her enthusiastic vigils; whether the inspiration was caught from the calm light of the stars, or the beaming face of his teacher, we cannot tell, but we know he was oftener by her side than became

his rude profession. Those were the days of superstition, and the lovely Ianthé was believed a sorceress, by the followers of the Bohemian chief.

One day he sat at her feet, listening to her song; as she ceased, she said, "my friend, why art thou sorrowful?" Aleus looked long on her face, and answered, "I will tell thee. I have parted from my followers. They have chosen another ruler, and now they will drive us from among them." He paused, and bright drops hung on the lashes of his listener.

"And so, the curse of our nation, extends even to those who befriend the Jewish exile!"

"Thrice *blessed* shall I be, if thou wilt share my wanderings. Ianthé, wilt thou be my gentle bride?"

"The Christian will curse *thee*, the Jew will cast *me* out of the synagogue; yet thy people shall be my people. *I will* go with thee, whithersoever thou goest."

"And Ianthé, thy God shall be my God. I would not enter Heaven, if thou wert exiled thence. Teach me, then, thy faith, and thou shalt be my bride, beyond the sphere of the farther star.

Years on years had passed. In a valley of the Nile, not far distant from the ruins of Memphis, was gathered a group of no common interest. A few tents were pitched at the base of a gloomy sphinx; the moon was rising behind the ruins of the ancient city, and the stars looked down calmly from their habitations. Upon a leopard's skin reposed the form of a matron; her head was supported by an aged man, and, though the vivacity of youth still sparkled in her dark eyes, the invalid, too, appeared to have seen many years. A striking resemblance was discernible in the lineaments of the group surrounding that humble couch. Stern men, and dark-haired women, knelt in silence, while the old man tenderly wiped the death-damps from the brow of the sufferer, and pressed his lips on hers. She smiled, and pointing upward, faintly said:

"We are old. The weight of a long life hangs on us now, but *there* we shall be young once more. I will wait thy coming, and be thy bride in the spirit-land. Weep not, sweet friend; *thy* wanderings are almost past—thy home will soon be won. I bless thee for kind looks and words, shed like dew on the trusting flower. And now, farewell; yet methinks my heart is so entwined with thine, they cannot part."

She paused in weariness, but spoke again "Children, come near, that I may bless you. I have lived long, and seen my children's children, to the fourth generation; I have read the stars for each one among you, and as my life has been, such also shall be yours. Ye shall be a wandering people, no nation shall own you for brethren; but, my children, the world is before you. Ye are free to roam through its length and breadth, pitching your tents in its pleasant valleys; the mysteries of the stars are unfolded for you, and the air of heaven is free to all. I have wandered, beloved ones, in every clime of earth; I have seen the spirits at their midnight revels, along the sky of the frozen north; I have slept beneath the citron groves of the equator, and watched below the Southern Cross; yet has my life been free and blest. My children, mingle not with the nations, eschew their customs, embrace not their

religion, despise their arts, and bow not to their oppression. Above all things, I charge ye, cleave to the worship of one Divinity. Would that I might unfold to your view his nature; I cannot. The stars point out the *earthly* fate of man; they go not with him into the vast ocean beyond this life; they reveal naught of the spirit's destiny; they tell not whence came that strange, ethereal essence, which hopes and fears; they declare not whether the glorious ideal in the human breast is the faint memory of a home where care was *once* unknown; nor do they unfold the infinite future to mortal gaze. The lessons of my youth brought no blessings in their train, and I teach them not. Alas! I depart; it is dark; O Aleus, how cold—"

She fell heavily back, and the Gipsy band buried their first dead beside the monuments of the old world.

THE POWER OF KINDNESS.

"PLEASANT words are as an honey-comb, sweet to the taste, and health to the bones."

What heart does not respond to the sentiment of the Wise Man? What heart has not been made glad, aye, and better, too, by the utterance of a pleasant word?

There is a potency in them, beyond the spell of the sorcerer, which lifts its weight from the over-burdened spirit, and kindles a gleam of hope for the despairing.

Pleasant words are like unostentatious friends; quietly ministering to our happiness, without burdening us with the weight of obligation.

Like pleasant flowers, strewing themselves profusely along life's open pathway; filling the world with their fragrance and impressing all hearts with their beauty.

Is it not strange that anything so grateful to the feelings of all—so adapted to confer happiness, and at such small expense, too, should be so often undervalued and neglected?

We love to see our friends and others around us happy—and are willing, or at least, think we are, to do *much* to render them so.

Like the nobleman of Syria who applied to the Prophet for healing, if the prescription require "*some great thing*," we are ready to obey—but turn away with scorn, or at best, with indifference from the simple act, the *little words* of kindness.

And yet who needs to be reminded that it is these little things which make up the sum of human happiness? Very seldom, indeed is it that we have it in our power to perform any remarkable achievement for the benefit of our friends; or to startle the world with the magnitude of our benevolence. But we may at any time, by a pleasant word or look, light up the face of sorrow with a smile, and dispel the fast-gathering tears from even affliction's eye.

The power of conferring happiness is not so rare as is sometimes supposed; or at least, it need not be, if we were but willing to employ the means within our reach, instead of vainly sighing after those that are beyond us. Alas! How do we deceive ourselves by these idle imaginations: and *only* ourselves—for there are those, who, would they deal honestly,

would tell us that these little things constitute the true test of our benevolence.

"A wiser than Solomon" has assured us that "He who is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much—and he that is unjust in the least, is unjust also in much." If then we find it no occasion of joy to gladden those around, when it can be done by a pleasant look or word, we may be sure that the spirit of kindness has not its home in our hearts. But if, while indisposed for the little act which attracts no notice, we are ready to perform the greater that secures the observation and applause of the multitude; we are prompted to it by some other spirit than the angel of Love.

What an amount of suffering and evils without number, might be avoided, would we cherish in our hearts the determination to do all we can to render those around us happy, irrespective of human praise or blame.

Then the satisfaction of giving "a cup of cold water" to the fainting, or a word of encouragement to the disheartened, would bring its own reward, though no earthly observer should witness or applaud. Then they who possess least of this world's wealth would not feel themselves debarred the privilege of doing good.

Few hearts can long resist the influence of a pleasant word. They may be irritated by the injustice or cruelty of those whom they have encountered in the rugged paths of every-day-life. They may be goaded to resentment by injuries that cannot be redressed. But let us meet them with the aspect and language of kindness; and the fires of impatience, anger and revenge will yield more readily to their influence, than flame to the cooling waters.

Even those who have injured us; and who, perhaps are plotting deeper wrongs—whom no reasonings could dissuade, or threats intimidate; may haply be overcome by a kind, forgiving word; which, like echoes of the Jewish minstrel's harp, shall exorcise the evil spirit of our adversary, restoring tranquility to him and safety to ourselves.

Perhaps there are no persons who, as a class, have greater claims upon us for the exercise of a gentle spirit, than the young. Susceptible to the slightest impressions—unused as yet to the severer discipline of life; the influence of kindness, and unkindness on the part of those upon whom they are dependent, is incalculable; extending through, and imparting its complexion to all their coming years.

Greatly is it to be deplored, that they who mingle with the young from day to day, should ever allow themselves in the indulgence of unamiable tempers. That the harsh word, the impatient tone should ever be employed toward them, or in their presence.

The young, it is often said, are imitative beings. Can anything, then, be expected, but that they should faithfully copy the examples set before them? Assuredly they will do so.

That little girl in flaxen ringlets, unobserved by yourself, is carefully transferring to a more enduring tablet than brass or marble, each gesture, word and look of yours. Weeks, perhaps months hence, she will act them over in miniature, in the doll's nursery or the mimic school-room. Nay, more—she will repeat the same look and language, toward brothers and sisters, and, so far as she dares, to you. You will have forgotten the lesson—*she* never will forget it.

Would we see our young friends kind, gentle and affectionate—we can adopt no more effectual method to render them so, than by being such ourselves. Thus keeping before them at all times the pattern which we wish them to imitate.

Place before them perfect models, in the form of didactic essays, or abstract rules—and these may all be very well as far as they go—but the amount of good they will derive from them must depend upon the degree of correspondence they discern between them and your own conduct.

Discourse as eloquently as we may upon the duty of children to be mild and amiable—represent as we will the *loveliness* of such a disposition; 'tis all to no purpose, unless we are prepared to furnish them an illustration, in our every-day-life, of the lovely traits we profess to admire. Nor have we any reason to expect that they should exceed the pattern which we give them.

Will any complain of this law of our nature? As wise would it be to complain that the stream will not rise higher than the fountain that supplies it. The law in the latter case is not wiser or more beautiful than in the former.

To whom should the younger look for example if not to the elder? We need have no cause to regret the imitative propensity of the young, would we always avoid those things which we feel unwilling to see reacted by them; were all our acts those of kindness, and all our words *pleasant* words.

But children have faults, which it is often needful to notice—sometimes to punish, however the parent or teacher may regret the necessity.

There is a feeling among many, that the heedlessness and impetuosity of youth must be met with the sternness of reproof and the severity of punishment. Never, perhaps, is there made a greater or more dangerous mistake. The young are the last persons who should be ruled with rigor. They need *help*. In order to be able to help them, we must first gain their hearts: this we cannot do by repulsive treatment. We must love them. Love does not repel, but attract.

Those who have been attentive and interested observers of childhood, well know that their faults are usually the results of ignorance and inadvertence rather than any settled purpose to do wrong. They do not always heed reproof, indeed—and many times it is the fault of the reprover that they do not. We are not altogether faithful reprovers unless we are *kind* reprovers. And a kind reproof is seldom ineffectual. But are children the only persons who require to be “often reproved?” Here again are we not prone to require more of the young, than we are disposed to render.

Let not the writer be misunderstood. It is not the needful reproof, or the salutary punishment that is intended—but the *harsh* rebuke that *irritates*, not *convinces*: the punishment administered in anger not in love; that *hardens*, not *subdues*. What is the dictate of Inspiration? “It must be precept upon precept—precept upon precept: line upon line—

line upon line: here a little, and there a little.” Whoever is unwilling to follow this rule, in the spirit of kindness, can have no hope of greatly benefiting the young.

Oh, if there exists in our souls one warm, generous emotion, let it gush forth as freely as the summer rain from out the bosom of the opening cloud, toward those whose young and trembling spirits, in their inexperience and doubt, are looking to us for counsel and sympathy and aid. Before whom the rugged, thorny paths of life are spreading out, unseen as yet, paths which we have sometimes trodden in weariness and fear, and felt our need of a friendly hand to lead us on. O! by all the deep experience our stricken hearts have known—by all that they must learn, let us extend to them the helping hand, and speak to them the words of encouragement and love.

What a delightful residence would this be, were the world within us as harmonious as the world without. And why should it not be? Why should sun and star, dew and rain, tree and flower fulfill their duties so much more faithfully than we? If the law of order belongs to them; our's is the law of *love*! It is the same law, emanating from Him whose name and heart is Love, which “makes a heaven of heaven.” 'Tis this that gives its melody to Gabriel's lyre—to the “new song” its rapture.

O! were our spirits more in unison with theirs, who “strike the heavenly strings,” no discordant feelings and no jarring sounds would interrupt, as now, the harmony which earth from her ten thousand thousand harps sends up to HEAVEN.

M. B. A.

RURAL SCENES AND PLEASURES.

BY REV. S. D. BURCHARD.

"AMUSEMENT reigns, man's great demand." The desire for amusement is natural and innocent; it may be gratified to excess; it may seek unlawful objects; but to forbid all pleasure—to close the eye to beauty and the ear to melody is not the dictate of wisdom. It is asceticism and not religion that would do this. Nothing is gained to the cause of virtue by attempting to convert man into a monk. The claims of religion harmonize with his nature, and that which violates the instinctive impulses of his heart, which alienates him from the pleasures of the social circle—the sweet sympathies of domestic life, or the charms of the natural world, is not religion. Every original and constitutional propensity in man was designed to be gratified in a certain way, and under certain restrictions. There is indeed a voice which says to man, "Thus far shall thou come and no farther." There were limitations even in Paradise—there was a tree forbidden, fruit, fair to the eye, which might not be plucked. But pleasure was not denied to our first parents in the early dawn of their being. They were permitted to gaze upon the open face of nature, to inhale the sweet fragrance of flowers, and to listen to the music among the trees, charming as the symphonies of Heaven. Since man's fatal estrangement from God, he has been a seeker of pleasure. He has sought it in gilded saloons, in the wine cup, in the midnight revel. But pleasure derived from the gratification of the inferior appetites always leaves a sting behind and a stain spot on the soul. The pleasures of the voluptuary, of the miser or of the sensualist, are sordid and unsatisfying. The simplest pleasures, which gently steal over the soul, tremulously touching its sensibilities, without exciting the passions, are the safest and best. Rural scenes, in their richness and variety, are eminently adapted to this. The leafy wood—the verdant plain—the flowery mead—the murmuring stream—the wild bird's song—the winter's snow—the summer's shine, are all capable of exciting emotions gently agreeable. Examine almost any object in nature, and the lingering idea left on the mind is that of

gracefulness and beauty. All natural objects have an echo in the heart. There is a voice that speaks high mysteries as the wind roars along the tops of the tall forest trees. It speaks no word, and yet it is a voice; its language is the language of the soul, beyond the power of words. There is merriment and gentle laughter in the bubble of the rivulet, as it leaps and sparkles on its way, when the last sunbeam struggling through the thick foliage falls doubtfully upon its surface, as if trembling for its welcome.

"There's music in the sighing of a reed;
There's music in the gushing of a rill;
There's music in all things, if men had ears;
Their earth is but an echo of the spheres."

If this be so—if nature has a voice—if her face is the face of beauty, every sense of man must be thrilled with delight, as he walks amid the groves and fields, and flowers. Whose heart has not been responsive to the language of these unbreathing things of nature? Is it all poetry when we say,

Love in the myrtle bloom is seen;
Remembrance to the violet clings;
Peace brightens in the olive green;
Hope from the half chosen Iris springs;
And victory on the laurel grows;
But woman blushes in the rose.

This all may be fancy, but whether fancy or fact, the idea is a beautiful one, that flowers convey some sentiment and meaning. At all events, nature has a meaning, and delighted and instructed will he be who listens to her voice. The cynic or sceptic may call us extravagant, but we say it, that we have often wandered in the groves, or walked under an arbor of grapes or a cluster of flowers, white as snow, tinged with gold and crimson, blue as the expanse of heaven, and blushing like the cheek of innocence, and we have imagined ourselves in a fairy land, or in a happier world, where every delicate sense is delighted and all around breathes fragrance and song, and our hearts were truly responsive to the joy and melody of the scene. We do not undervalue the pleasure derived from the contemplation of the works of genius and art.

But the finest specimens of art are more or less defective. The sculptured marble, or the breathing canvass, on which the noblest genius has left its impress, has its imperfections. But the divine Architect, who has spread out the broad expanse of the heavens, and enamelled the earth with beauty, has made all things perfect. The serrated border on the petals of the flower, and the fringe on the wing of a fly, display an accuracy of delineation which no pencil can ever rival. To walk through the picture galleries of the great masters of an enlightened and bye-gone age, and gaze upon those productions on which the admiration of the world has fallen, is a pleasure which few comparatively are permitted to enjoy; but nature has a picture gallery open and accessible to all, where we may admire the works of a divine Architect. There is pleasure also to be derived from the study of the poets. Homer and Virgil, Shakespeare and Milton are truly sublime; but they are mere copyists of nature, and fall infinitely below the original in point of execution and finish. Where in the garden of Alcinous, in the fields of Elysium or in Milton's Paradise can be found anything comparable to the all-encompassing and variegated scenery of nature? And yet there are those who can dwell with rapture on a fine description of the Vale of Tempe, and seem to enter into all the delights which a Shakespeare or a Milton designed to communicate in their enchanting pictures of flowery and sylvan scenes, but they have no admiration to bestow on the limpid stream, the mountain torrent, the mighty forest, or the humbler scenes of rural beauty. The melody of the groves has no music to their ears, and its rich foliage no charms to their eye. But has the God of nature made all things beautiful, from the wide spreading palm to the hyssop that groweth on the wall, to be neglected by such haughty pretenders to superior reason? The wise and good of all ages have found delight in the study of nature. The most instructive lessons of the great Teacher himself are derived from this source—the fruits of the field, the lily of the valley, the flowers of the garden, are made to contribute both to the power and beauty of his style. All nature becomes instinct with life, as the Prophets describe the coming glories of the millenium—"The moun-

tains and the hills break forth before them into singing, and all the trees of the field clap their hands." And when the exiled apostle would give us a gorgeous and graphic view of heaven, he represents it under the figure of a garden. The final abode of the devout Pagan is associated with grottoes and nymphs, and forest scenery. The fields of Elysium, that sweet region of poesy, are adorned with all that the imagination can conceive to be delightful. Some of the finest passages of Milton are those, in which he represents the happy pair as cultivating their blissful abode, or dilating, with mutual rapture, upon the splendors of their Paradise.

Poets have always loved the haunts of nature—the garden and the glen, and it is here that they have caught the inspiration of the muse. Virgil's Georgics prove him to have been captivated with rural scenes. Thomson's Seasons are interwoven with all that is beautiful and grand in earth or sky. The severer sages and orators of antiquity were delighted to retreat from the forum to the groves of Arcadia. The favorite resort of Socrates was the turf that grew under a plane tree on the banks of Ilissus. Lucan is represented by Juvenal as finding his sweetest employment in the cultivation of shrubs and flowers. Epicurus fixed the seat of his enjoyment in a garden, as best adapted to delicate and delightful repose. Do not the practice and opinion of such men speak loudly in favor of rural pleasures as the most healthful and the most innocent? Are plays and balls, and nocturnal assemblies, in all their modifications, which rob us of sleep, injure the health, and render us selfish and vicious, and thoughtless, to be substituted for these? Or will the man of business, in his race after wealth, deny himself the pleasure which the study of nature may afford him? Will he leave the shrub to blossom, and the rose to diffuse its sweetness in unobserved solitude?

"O how canst thou renounce the boundless store
Of charms which nature to her votary yields!
The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,
The pomp of groves, the garniture of fields,
All that the genial ray of morning gilds,
And all that echoes to the song of even;
All that the mountain's sheltering bosom shields,
And all the dread magnificence of heaven,
O how canst thou renounce, and hope to be
[forgiven!"]

THE STEP-DAUGHTER.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

"You are quite mistaken, Maria, in your judgment of a step-mother. My mother is exceedingly kind to me; as much so as I can desire; nor do I see how an own mother *could* be kinder. And I am very sure that my indulgences are not curtailed by her.

"The lessons of economy that she gives, I highly prize, for I know that I need them; and she enforces no rules on me which she does not conform to in her own expenses. Indeed, I believe she takes greater pleasure in expending money for me than for herself.

"When she came here, you know we children were very young; and as father had been obliged to have a housekeeper two or three years, the expenses of the family were very great; for children and housekeepers are seldom very good economists. The same thing was true, during my mother's long illness, while she was unable to attend to her family affairs. I have often heard my father say that, for several years, his income barely supported us, with every effort he could make. Under such circumstances it could be no very pleasant or easy task for one sustaining a relation so new, and to children who were almost strangers to her, to effect a reformation without giving offence to them, or some occasion for unkind remarks from others. But she has succeeded—and in a manner, too, which has won for her the lasting gratitude and love of her adopted children. We see that it is not penuriousness towards us, nor a selfish preference for her own gratification, which influences her—and we feel that she has greatly contributed to the prosperity and happiness of the family. We know she loves us; and we all love her with the strong affection of children. So you must not say anything against step-mothers to me, Maria."

"Oh well, I beg your pardon, Ellen, for really I did not intend to hurt your feelings. But it seems to me I could never endure to have a step-mother. You are so amiable, I suppose everything she does is just right. Eliza Wilson's opinion, however, is very different from yours. Her father, you recollect, was married about a month before your father was, and she cries half her time, and says she is perfectly miserable."

"I am sorry if that is the case; but I cannot

help thinking it must be in a great measure her own fault. You know, Maria, that Eliza is a very high tempered, self-willed girl, and not a little jealous in her disposition withal; she always has trouble with her teachers; and there is scarcely a girl in school with whom she is on good terms any longer than she consents to submit to her dictation. Besides, she was very much displeased about her father's marrying again, and positively declared that she would have nothing to do with his wife more than she was obliged to."

"Yes, it is true, and I suspect that she keeps her word in that particular. I have seen her treat her mother with great disrespect." But then, you know, she treated her own mother very unkindly; and perhaps her step-mother does not know how to put up with it so well. It was but a day or two since that I was in there, about dinner time. Mrs. Wilson requested Eliza to lay the table—she made no reply, but looked at me with a significant smile. I immediately left. Eliza followed me out of the room, saying, 'Stop a moment,' threw on her bonnet and shawl, and went with me. When we were out, I inquired who would lay the table? She replied, 'I don't care who does it, she may tell Jane to, or do it herself, if she chooses.' She talked all the way about her mother's unkindness; and I am sure I don't wonder she is unhappy. I should be perfectly wretched, if half she says were true in my case. I wish you could hear her tell how her mother treats her. You would not wonder at my dislike of step-mothers. But look! there is Eliza this moment, and coming here, too."

"She must be coming to see you, then, Maria, for it is very seldom that she calls upon me. I don't think she has been here in six months."

"Good morning, Eliza."

"Good morning, Ellen. Maria, how could you make me take this long walk! I was so provoked when I found you were out, that I had a great mind to go home without seeing you. But what were you talking about so demurely as I came in?"

"About you, Eliza, didn't your ears tingle as you came along?"

"About me! nothing bad, I hope, Ellen?"

"We were talking about step-mothers, Eliza,

and that led to the mention of your name. Now I shall leave the question for you and Ellen to discuss, and I will be the listener."

"Step-mothers! I wish there was no such word, or that the law would forbid a man who has children to marry a second time."

"What have you so much against step-mothers, Eliza? I should think that you ought to speak well of one, at least."

"What have I against them? I believe they are the most unfeeling, unreasonable, selfish beings in the world. I heard a lady once say, she would rather a child of hers should be brought up in a convent, than by a step-mother; and for my part, I would rather take the veil, or be a slave all the days of my life, than to live with one, if I could have my choice."

"This is very strong language, Eliza; but then, you know, these general accusations will not convict any one. Besides, others may say as much in their favor."

"I speak from experience, and I think I ought to know something on the subject, after having had a step-mother a whole year and a half. I knew how it would be, long before my father was married, and I made up my mind that I should not like his wife, the very first time I saw her."

"May it not be that your having 'made up your mind' so decidedly beforehand, is one cause of all your trouble since? You know prejudices are very strong, sometimes."

"I want to know, Ellen, if you did not feel bad at all about your father's marrying? You are a very strange girl, if you did not."

"I will confess to you, Eliza, that I felt very anxious, so much so that I shed a great many tears about it, when I first learned that my father was to marry a second time. I had heard so many remarks similar to those which you have been making in regard to step-mothers, that I seriously feared the days of tranquillity so long enjoyed by our family were numbered. In truth, some dreadful calamity seemed hanging over us—the more fearful, because indistinctly apprehended."

"And how did you become reconciled to it so easily, or perhaps I should say so soon? for I always thought you were quite delighted with your new mother, from the first."

"If you are willing to hear a long and somewhat serious story, I will tell you. But you must promise not to interrupt me till I get through, for I wish to repeat it as nearly as I can in the words of the person who related it to me."

"Tell it, Ellen, perhaps it will do *Eliza* some good, if it does not benefit me; and I like to hear stories."

"You know I spent some time at my grandparents' before my father was married. I had avoided speaking on the subject to any of my friends until after he had left for the purpose of bringing home my new mother. When he was gone, my heart became so full, that I felt obliged to give vent to feelings which had been pent up too long."

"One evening, having retired to my room earlier than usual, aunt Martha came in to request me to awake her as soon as I should rise in the morning. Much to my embarrassment, she found me weeping; but finding myself detected, I resolved to be perfectly frank, and acknowledge the real cause of my tears. In short, I told her all that was in my heart; for I knew she would sympathize with me, and that I should be better prepared for my new trials and duties by her wise and friendly counsels."

"Aunt Martha entered deeply into my feelings, and the tears stood in her own eyes as she clasped me to her warm heart, and said, 'Dear Ellen, I know all your feelings better than you can describe them. I have wanted to talk with you on this subject—and day after day have resolved to do so—but whenever I have tried to approach it, my heart has failed. You know, dear, that I have had a step-mother; hence I shall speak from actual experience in whatever I may say; and it is lessons of *experience* which we need to prepare us for the difficult and trying situations of life. The wisest theories of the wisest heads are insufficient. Our instructors and helpers will be very likely to fail, however sincere and benevolent their intentions; unless they are able to draw their lessons from the deep wells of their own experience.'

"Do, dear aunt," said I, "tell me all that you did, and then I am sure I shall know what I ought to do."

"I will give you, Ellen," my aunt replied, "as well as I can, a faithful history of that period of my life. But you must not expect it will be in all respects a pleasant narration; for I am sorry that truth compels me to say there are many painful scenes connected with it. Some which I would gladly obliterate for ever—long since would they have been obliterated could after tears of penitence wash away the mistakes and sins of our early days. That you, my Ellen, may avoid these regrets by avoiding

the causes of them, is my object in giving you this chapter in my early history.

"I was just your age, Ellen, when my father was reported to be engaged to a lady in a neighboring town. His children, of whom I was the eldest daughter, heard the rumor with no little surprise—for we had never for a moment anticipated any change in our family arrangements. Our mother had died two years previous; during which *long* period—for two whole years *is* a long time in childhood and early youth; I had attempted my very best in the exercise of my little stock of housekeeping knowledge; and many a warm smile and approving word did I obtain from my kind parent as a reward for my industry and efforts to please him.

"When the report became general of my father's intending a second marriage, I was indignant, regarding it as an impertinent scandal; and half resolved to make him acquainted with it for the pleasure of hearing him contradict it, for I did not admit even the possibility of its truth. But after talking the subject over with my brothers, who were older than myself, we came to the conclusion that it was better to say nothing to him, unless he should think proper to mention it himself.

"About this time an injudicious relation whom I will not name, imparted to me some lessons which did much to destroy, not only my happiness, but that of all our family. She confirmed the hated report of my father's engagement, and treated it as the most melancholy fact in the world. 'I was with her a great part of my time, and our conversations was almost confined to the coming painful event. She would dwell for hours upon the virtues of my own lost mother—particularly her love for her children; representing the perfect happiness we should have enjoyed had she but lived, and the happiness we might still enjoy, would my father be contented to remain unmarried—and she was sure she did "not see why he could not; his daughter was old enough to keep his house—but widowers would always be so foolish." Her ideas of a step-mother were truly appalling. A fruitful imagination, aided by the gossip of a whole village, had conjured up the most forbidding images, until she really believed that any one sustaining such a relation, could be nothing else than a compound of selfishness and cruelty, which needed only the proper subjects, a *husband's motherless children*, to develop them in their full proportions.

"Some mischievous persons at length began to circulate unfavorable reports respecting my

father's betrothed; more than insinuating her entire unfitness for the station to be assigned her. She had passed the bloom of her youth, and had never been married! hence that was sufficient reason for the heaviest charges of unsociability—want of sympathy with children, and all manner of unkindness. My relative, of course discussed these reports with me—hoping they were not all true; but fearing the worst.

"About the same time I formed an intimacy with a young lady who was herself a step-daughter—of course she could speak from experience. She described in the strongest language the sufferings of her own condition—the cruel treatment she received from her step-mother, whom she represented as the most unjust, unfeeling of monsters. All the family difficulties were minutely rehearsed, but always so as to throw the entire blame on her mother. Her conversations usually ended in a violent tirade upon step-mothers in general, and her own in particular.

"Nothing could exceed the painfulness of my apprehensions. My injudicious kinswoman mourned and wept over me as a lamb preparing for the sacrifice; and my days and nights were spent in fruitless tears, instead as they should have been, in timely and earnest preparations for the new scenes and duties that awaited me.

"Considering the ages of his children, it was particularly unfortunate that my father did not think proper to converse with us on a subject deeply involving the happiness of his family. But he never made any allusion to it till a few days before leaving, for the purpose of transferring our future mother from her paternal home to our once happy circle. The only intimation he gave us even then, of such an important event, was in few words unaccompanied by a single remark by way of counsel or instruction. Having made every preparation which he deemed necessary, that devolved on himself—and directing us to send for a trusty middle aged woman, whom we were in the habit of employing on important occasions, to assist in making other suitable arrangements, he took an affectionate leave of us, saying he should be absent two weeks, and bidding us, "be good children and have every thing in the best order for your new mother."

"The work of preparation was entered upon with a good deal of zeal, and for a time served to take off my thoughts from the fast-coming painful event. My father, always prompt in his habits, returned precisely at the time he had told us to expect him. Everything was in

readiness for his reception; and I thought he looked unusually pleased, as his eye glanced around, to observe the new proofs of his children's devotion to his wishes and happiness. But he did not discover, or could not see the troubled feelings that were concealed by words of welcome and mechanical smiles.

"The impression made by the first appearance of our new mother, certainly did not dispel any apprehensions which I had felt. Her countenance was by no means attractive to a stranger, and her manners were quite reserved—at least so they appeared to her new children. Very glad were we when tea was over, and my father withdrew with his bride to the parlor, leaving us to follow whenever we felt disposed. I, for one, was in no haste to disturb their retirement. The succeeding hour was spent in discussing the claims of our new relative and the future prospects of our family. We all felt that a great change had taken place—but what would be the result, none of us could foretell. My brothers were disposed to suspend their opinions until they should see how she would treat the younger children, the care of whom, they seemed to think, must now devolve to a certain extent on them. We all had imbibed a strange feeling, as if our father by marrying a new wife, had in a limited sense, cast off the children of his former wife. This was one of the lessons that I had received from my imprudent relative. My own opinion respecting my mother, however, was made; had it not been forming many weeks under the tuition of two industrious teachers? I had been taught to regard her with a jealous eye—to look only for defects, and be satisfied only with perfection. The consequence was, when my mother came to assume her station and duties, it was the signal for secret, if not open revolt. Every act, and word and look, was narrowly watched. Every wish she expressed, and every object she attempted, not in accordance with my own notions, was considered an infringement of hereditary rights. If she consulted me, I was sure to oppose her; and when she did not consult me I accused her of being arbitrary. When she made purchases, she was extravagant; and if she recommended economy, penurious. If she reminded me of my faults, I took offence at what I considered her uncharitable construction of my conduct, and her desire to find fault. With her treatment of the younger children, I was equally dissatisfied; for her kindness I construed into favoritism, or an attempt to buy

off my father's affection from his older children, by partiality toward the younger; from whom as rivals she had less to fear. For strange as it may appear, I regarded her as a rival for my father's heart—and not only a rival of his children; but also of my deceased mother; whose place I persuaded myself she had usurped in my father's house and affections. The authority which she exercised over the younger children, I regarded as tyrannical in the extreme, and secretly resolved if she ever attempted to correct them, I would interfere to the extent of my power, whatever the consequences might be. Indeed, it was absolutely impossible that my mother should do anything to please me—for, wholly unconsciously to myself, I was looking at all she did through a distorted medium: so that while accusing her of jealousy and selfishness, it was myself, not her, that was the prey of those sordid passions.

"This state of things had continued long, and instead of growing better, was becoming worse and worse. My mother's manners toward me were distant and cold. How could they be otherwise? The tendency of my whole conduct was to repel all approaches of kindness, and utterly to exterminate every sentiment of affection that could possibly have sprung up in her heart toward me. Being anything *less than an angel*, however much she might have sought to do me good, she could not have succeeded. Words cannot describe the state of my feelings at this time. I neglected my domestic employments in which I had taken so much pleasure, and spent much of my time alone, brooding over my unhappy condition, for I really imagined myself a most miserable being—and indeed I was fast becoming so. But what was the reason? My father was as kind to me as ever; and my brothers and sisters loved me as ever. True, I saw my father less frequently than formerly; for although he spent all the time in his family, which he could spare from business, yet as I chose to avoid the society of my mother, I necessarily lost much of his also. No, not in outward circumstances could the cause of my unhappiness be found.

"A crisis was approaching; one which I now look back upon with trembling. My father was called from home on business which would detain him some weeks.

"During his absence I became less watchful over my conduct, until I came at length to act out the feelings of my heart, without restraint, though not without compunction. My manners

and language, even, toward my mother, at times, were calculated to irritate her feelings in a high degree.

"Soon after my father left home, the relative of whom I have spoken, invited me to spend a few weeks with her. I determined to go. My mother, knowing the estimate my father put upon this kinswoman, endeavored first to persuade me not to go, and then decidedly opposed it, as a step she felt sure he would disapprove. I persisted, however; and when she expressed the fear that he would blame her for allowing me to do so;—I answered with much spirit, that I felt old enough and fully able to judge for myself, and did not desire her to feel any responsibility on my account. The truth is, the more she opposed it, the more I determined to have my own way. I told her, moreover, that my father was always accustomed to gratify my wishes until she had been with us: at the same time I knew very well that I should not have thought of going had he been at home.

"I did not enjoy my visit as much as I expected to; and would have returned much sooner had I not been dependent upon my relative for a conveyance home.

"My father was of course made acquainted with the circumstances of my absence, on his return, and much concerned on the account, rode over the next day and took me home.

"Till then he had remained ignorant of the state of feeling that existed between his wife and daughter. I had never complained to him. My mother too had carefully concealed my faults until that time, lest a knowledge of them should make him unhappy.

"But it could no longer be concealed from ourselves, that ours was a divided family. The rupture had been open and threatened to be permanent. My brother naturally enough took sides with me—while my father, vainly striving with his characteristic cautiousness, to preserve a neutrality, effected nothing toward a reconciliation. He was a kind-hearted man, and certainly loved his wife sincerely, and his daughter scarcely less. But, like many others, he was too much a man of peace to meddle with broils, even where their settlement came within his jurisdiction—He hoped time would correct the evil and restore harmony. But it became daily more apparent that the spirit of concord was pluming his wings for a final departure. My mother and myself stood aloof from each other—all avoidable intercourse being suspended; she appearing to feel that there was nothing that she could do for me; and as I had never

acknowledged that I owed her any duty, I now felt absolved from all semblance of a respect and courtesy I did not feel. I tremble with terror when I look back upon that period. I knew not to what a fearful condition we were tending. No human power or wisdom, I am certain, could have stayed our progress. It was God that interposed in judgment and in mercy.

"My oldest brother had been in somewhat feeble health a long time. We had not apprehended danger in his case, but felt the need of carefulness to avoid improper exposure, and hoped that as he became older his constitution would acquire a firmness that would ensure perfect health. A sudden change of weather early in the autumn, when he was a few miles from home, unprovided with an overcoat, laid the foundation for consumption—that fell destroyer of our youth.

"I was devotedly attached to my brother James, and he to me. In the difficulty between our mother and myself, he had warmly enlisted in my cause, and of a very excitable temperament, often showed his resentment by treating her with marked disrespect. From the moment that disease made its appearance, she devoted herself to him with unremitting attention.

"Had he been her own and only son, it would have been impossible, that she should have done more for him, or in a kinder spirit—nor could she have manifested greater solicitude for his recovery. Soon as he was compelled to keep his room, she gave up her own to him, because it was in the most quiet part of the house. This was the more kind, as her own health was not good at the time. My brother was confined to his room, and much of the time to his bed, about five months. During this long period my mother never left him, excepting when absolutely necessary. After he became quite low, he preferred receiving everything at her hand. The first few weeks of his illness we did not anticipate any very serious consequences, and did not give our mother full credit for affectionateness in her care of him. But when his physicians pronounced him beyond the reach of medicine, we marked the painfulness with which she received the intelligence. The nature of her feelings no longer admitted a question. My brother was deeply affected by her unwearied kindness and love. And when in answer to her prayers and instructions he gave his heart to that Saviour who had redeemed it, he wept on her neck with all the simplicity of a child, and besought her forgiveness of the past. And as she parted with

her gentle fingers the long dark locks from his pale brow, and pressed her lips upon his forehead, I felt sure she must have experienced a feeling not unlike a mother's love. Notwithstanding all this, I was not yet prepared for confession. My heart was *moved*, but not *melted*. James was too weak to converse much but beckoning me close to him at one time when I was alone with him, he whispered in my ear with laboring breath—'Sister, dear, you must love our mother. Love her for my sake, and you will learn to love her for her own. We have been wrong—all *wrong*.' The tears started to his eyes—his voice was choked and his breath seemed failing. I was alarmed and flew toward the door, just as my mother opened it. She hastened to him. The effort had been too great, and it was long before he showed any signs of returning life. At length he gradually revived, but never spoke again. I sought my room, and then and the following day, on which his young spirit took its departure from us for ever, I shed many and bitter tears. But they were tears of sorrow for my loss, not of repentance.

"The day after we had followed the remains of my dear brother to his last resting-place on earth, my mother, overcome by fatigue and loss of sleep, was compelled to take her bed—she hoped that rest would restore her, although the physician had told her a day or two before that she had a settled fever. It soon became evident that her disease was of an alarming character, and for several days all hope of saving her life was abandoned. The fact of her continuing some days, however, inspired one of three skilful physicians with a faint hope of her recovery. But so faint was the hope, that he assured my father it was out of the power of medicine to help her. If anything could, it must be the most careful and skilful nursing.

"It would be impossible to describe the nature of my feelings at this time. I could do nothing for my mother. Locked in my room, that I might be undisturbed, in agony of spirit I reviewed the past eleven months of my life. I saw now as with the light of a sunbeam, how unreasonable and cruel had been my conduct toward one who deserved my respect and love. My guilt stared me in the face, and my brother's words rung in my ears; '*wrong, all wrong*.' She was going to die, and I could not ever ask her pardon, or tell her I repented. I was in anguish of soul—my burning eyeballs were unmoistened by a single tear. I had wept day and night over my brother's dying bed and beside his grave;

but now tears refused to flow—their very fountains seemed dried up. This distressing state of mind continued some days. I could take neither food nor rest, and my health was seriously threatened. Oh! could I but see her one moment, just to ask her blessing before she died! But no, it could not be. No one was permitted to enter her room excepting her attendants. I could not even send her word that I was penitent. She must hear nothing; know nothing: it was the only hope of her recovery—and that hope, how slight! I felt there was *no* hope. The thought was distracting. What should I do? Suddenly as an arrow from the bow, the conviction darted through my soul, that it was against my Heavenly Father that I had sinned—it was the compassionate Redeemer whom my sins had crucified. The thought was insupportable—a new agony had sprung up in my heart. I took my Bible and turned, as if Heaven-directed, to the fiftieth Psalm. I read again and again—I knelt and prayed, "Have mercy upon me, oh God." Against thee, *thee only*, have I sinned." "A broken and a contrite heart thou wilt not despise." It seemed as if that Psalm was written expressly for me. I rose from my knees—the peace of God was in my heart. Again I opened my Bible and read, 'God so loved the world that He gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him, might not perish, but have everlasting life.' And again—'Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out.' It was enough—I knew that God had pardoned. It was an hour never to be forgotten. I had received 'the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness.'

"The next morning my mother was slightly better, and she continued very slowly to improve, till after a few weeks her recovery was talked of as no longer doubtful. But so low had she been, and so slow was her convalescence, that it was long, indeed it seemed a little age, before I was allowed to see her, and print one penitential kiss upon her pale, emaciated cheek. But that of itself was a full recompense for all that I had suffered. Still I longed I might pour into her ear the confession of for the time when, without fear of injury to her, penitence that so long had struggled for utterance. Thanks to my Heavenly Father, that time did come: so that before she was restored to perfect health, she had received and blessed a repenting child.

"From that hour we were once more a *happy family*! I was now in a state of mind to

discern the excellences of my mother's character. I found she possessed a noble, an affectionate heart. I had thought her unkind, because having enveloped myself in a mantle of selfishness and prejudice, she could gain no access to my heart. Once admitted there, she was ever afterward my friend and counsellor, and my most intimate companion.

I now loved her; and strove to make her

happy—and in so doing, effectually secured my own happiness."

"Now my dear Ellen," added my aunt, "I shall leave it for you to draw from this item of my early history, the lessons which it naturally suggests—simply remarking; the way to be happy in any situation, is to try and make others happy. Or in other words to feel and act right."

M. B. A. J.

REST.

"Oh! where shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul?"

I stood by the Ocean's waves,
As they rolled in fury by,
And the maddened billows flung
Their white foam to the sky;
And I breathed aloud these words
In my agony of soul,
'Mid the wild wind's swelling tones,
And the sea's unceasing roll;—
When, from out its dark depths, a voice seemed to say,
"There is no rest here—away—away!"

I stood by the running stream,
As it bounded bright along—
A moment flashing in the light,
Then dancing gaily on;—
And again I spoke those words,
In accents loud and clear;
When a low and musical voice
Came to my listening ear;—
And in silvery tones it seemed to say,
"There is no rest here—away—away!"

I wandered forth at night,
And stood 'neath the vaulted sky;
'Twas gemmed with a thousand stars,
Giving light as they shone on high—
I thought of their ceaseless course—
How year after year they roll;
And these words from my lips broke forth,
Is there rest to be found for the soul?
Then, from each tiny star, I heard a voice say,
"Think not to rest here—away—away!"

I stood 'mid the busy haunt
 Of the peopled world once more ;
 And I heard its wild din swell,
 Like the ocean's angry roar :—
 I scanned each face as it passed,
 And peered into each dark eye ;
 And strove every thought to read,
 As on the throng swept by ;—
 But on each care-worn brow, the same look seemed to say,
 " I find no rest *here*—away—away !"

I turned to the book of life,
 And opened its sacred page ;
 There I learned that there is no rest
 To be found on the *world's* busy stage ;
 But it told me there *is* a home
 In the skies far, far away,
 Where sorrow and care cannot come—
 In the realms of eternal day—
 And a still, small voice whispered low in my ear,
 " There is rest to be found—'tis *here*—'tis *here* !"

New Haven, July 25th, 1846.

ELLA.

"THY WILL BE DONE."

BY MARY THOMPSON.

SOME years ago might be seen in the neighborhood of London (it matters not if it were North, South, East or West) an establishment for the education of young ladies. The house stood in the centre of a large lawn, on which were scattered beds of Roses, Geraniums, and all kinds of sweet flowers, bounded by a shrubbery of Lilacs, Laburnums, Laurels, Bay Trees, &c., &c. Beyond was a large meadow, on one side of which was an avenue of walnut trees, and on the other a border of flowers, which the pure and happy inmates of the school-room, cultivated during the hours of recreation ; in the spring, when all nature looks so gay and beautiful, these joyful beings vied with each other in presenting the first bouquet to their indulgent teachers ; how anxiously they watched for the first rose-bud, the first sprig of Lavender, and how delighted was she who first discovered a violet, or a primrose ; happy, happy hours of childhood, how soon they pass away ; how

often when I have been surrounded with the animated, joyful countenances of children, have I wished in my heart that they could ever continue thus, that they could pass through the world without meeting with disappointments or sorrow. But as we cannot guard them from the cares of life, is it not our duty to prepare them for its changes, by gently leading them to look forward to that blest world where they will find happiness forevermore ?

The two ladies who conducted this establishment, were both unmarried ; their father had been a wealthy merchant, and in their youth they enjoyed all the comforts, and many of the luxuries of life ; but Mr. Barton having met with severe losses, he died, comparatively speaking a poor man. After his death, his daughters determined to devote themselves to the education of youth. They therefore received into their family a limited number of children, most of whom had been sent from the East and West

Indies, and whose parents had been obliged to part with them when they were almost infants, and they were entrusted to those who faithfully watched over them.

The Misses Barton were not handsome, but they were lovely in mind and character, they were consistent Christians, and showed the beauty of holiness by their own example.

They felt the responsibility they had incurred by taking charge of these children, and fervently they prayed that they might be enabled to perform their duty faithfully towards them, while they labored to educate them for the duties of this life, they did not forget to train them up in the fear of God, and love of their Saviour, they sympathized with them in all their little joys and sorrows, granted every reasonable request in their power, and when obliged to reprove them, they did it with so much kindness and gentleness, that they gained the love and confidence of all. Never have I seen a more happy family. Religion was the guiding star; it shone brightly through every department, at the hour of morning and evening prayer, when these gentle beings raised their hands to Heaven, their hearts were lifted also, to the Father of Spirits, whose ears are ever open to the cries of his children. They knew that prayer was not a mere ceremony, to be performed at certain seasons, but that it was a privilege to be permitted to make their wants known, and to offer praises to their Heavenly Father.

There was one sweet girl who had been educated in this school, upon whom the pious counsels of her instructors had made a deep impression: she had been placed under their care, when very young, by her guardians, her parents had both died when she was an infant, and she had neither a brother or sister to love, all her affection was bestowed on her teachers, and young companions.

Amelia Cowell was indeed a lovely child! her complexion was fair, and a profusion of golden ringlets waved over her neck and shoulders; her dark blue eyes sparkled with intelligence, and a sweet smile played around her mouth. Her mind was as beautiful as her person; the spirit of peace and love dwelt within her; but her form was so slight, so sylph-like, that she appeared little able to encounter the storms of life.

When Amelia was about eighteen she left school, and went for a short time, to reside with a friend in Brighton; while there she was introduced to a young man, an officer in the army.

He was so captivated by her modest retiring manners, and gentle disposition, that he made her an offer of his hand, and was accepted.

William Harris was the son of a gentleman who had long held a responsible situation under the British government. He was tall, handsome in person, generous and brave; the idol of his parents, who had lost several children; and William was their youngest and only remaining son; he was their joy, their hope; they looked upon him as the comforter of their declining years, they fondly trusted that he would be spared to close their eyes, and smooth the pillow of death; he had entered the army when very young, had borne a part in the principal actions fought on the Peninsula, in 1813 and 1814, and had returned to his native land in 1815, crowned with laurels from the fatal field of Waterloo, on which so many of his brave companions had perished.

It was at this time that he saw Amelia, and won her consent to become his bride, he had gained the love of that guileless and innocent heart, and he was happy; the beautiful orphan had promised to be his: what more could he desire? He looked forward to years of happiness; life appeared to him to be strewn with flowers, the thorns were hid from his sight; but soon he was awakened from his blissful dream; a summons arrived for him to join his regiment, the 2d battalion of which had been ordered to proceed to Ireland immediately.

It was a severe trial to leave all that he held dear in the world, but duty called, and he must obey. His parents were grieved to part with him, and fervently as they blessed him, they prayed for his safe return.

Poor Amelia! could not pronounce the word "farewell;" she wept bitterly, as she gazed on him she loved so well: he embraced her again and again, and no longer able to hide his emotions, he mounted his horse, and rode away at a rapid pace; but his heart was sad within him, he felt as if he had taken a last adieu, and it was long before he could recover his cheerful-
ness.

How anxiously did the loved ones he had left behind, watch for the time, when they might expect to hear from him, but they watched in vain: no tidings came to cheer their drooping spirits.

Day after day, might the fond father be seen taking his accustomed walk to the Reading Room, searching every paper for the wished for news, and finding none.

At length, one day, a paragraph arrests his attention, he trembles and becomes pale as marble, can it be probable! his William, the comfort of his old age, is he gone! never to return!

It is too true!

The ship in which he and his brave companions embarked has been wrecked, she was driven by a raging tempest, into the bay of Tramore, on the eastern coast of Ireland, although it occurred in the day-time, and the shore was crowded with people, who were aware of the fate of these unhappy beings, they had no possible means of relieving them, as the vessel neared the shore, those on board could be distinctly seen, awaiting in agony the dreadful catastrophe. Husbands and wives, parents and children (there were many women and children in the ship) were plainly observed encouraging each other, or folding their arms around those they loved, that they might die together.

Alas! there was no hope for them, the vessel struck and went to pieces, when two hundred and ninety-two men, and seventy-one women and children perished in sight of assembled thousands, only thirty souls were saved, to mourn the loss of friends and relatives.

Poor William perished with his companions, he, who had left his home and all he held dear on earth, he, the brave, the beloved, and the honored had found a watery grave—far, far away from those who had watched for his return with so much anxiety.

No more will they hear that loved voice, no more behold those features so engraven on their hearts—he is gone to a happier and a better country, where all is peace and love.

How could that heart-broken father relate the dreadful tidings; how say to that tender mother! you have no longer a son, and to that gentle, loving girl, your betrothed has spoken to you the last words of love, the heart which lately was filled with your image is now cold, no more will you behold your beloved until you meet in heaven.

For days, this afflicted old man returned to the reading-room eager to ascertain, if there were not some hope that his William had escaped, one day his name was omitted in the list of those who had perished, and the poor Father's heart was cheered, but the next the sad news was confirmed; he returned to his home, he dreaded meeting with those whom he knew were anxiously watching for his return (some rumors of a shipwreck had reached them) they trembled when they saw him but spoke not,

for their hearts were too full for speech, they looked imploringly at him, he turns from them in agony, sinks upon a chair, and weeps like a child, he can no longer control his feelings. Well does that fond mother know that some evil has befallen her child, she looks upon him, who has long shared her joys, and her sorrows, and is convinced that nothing less than the loss of his son, could thus agitate him, she shed not a tear, but her looks betrayed the anguish of her mind, for some minutes she remained the image of despair, at length she murmured, "Thy will, O Lord, be done."

And that gentle girl, has the cup of happiness so soon been dashed from her lips, has the storm so soon burst over her devoted head, her pure and loving spirit, was not destined to be long an inhabitant of this cold world, she was too weak, too fragile, to encounter its trials.

Amelia's sufferings were great but she did not repine, her cheerfulness was gone, her beaming smile no longer cheered every beholder, her pale countenance, and melancholy looks bespoke the sorrow of her heart, she raised her tearful eyes to heaven and fervently prayed for strength and resignation in this hour of trial. She felt she had a duty to perform to the bereaved parents, who had now no one but her to comfort, and watch over their declining years, she exerted herself to be unto them as a daughter—she never left them, but attended them in sickness, and in health—and they regarded her as an angel of mercy, sent to minister to them in their affliction.

It was in January, that poor William was lost, Amelia, although she endeavored to subdue her grief that she might console his beloved parents, had never recovered from the shock she received when the dreadful tidings were made known to her, she gradually became more feeble, and the following Autumn, as the leaves faded and fell to the ground, so this sweet flower drooped, and died; the storm had gathered over her, she was too tender, too delicate to resist it, and she was crushed to the earth,—her heart was broken.

The beloved companions of her youth followed her to the grave, and as they stood around it they sang over her the following beautiful lines by Bishop Heber.

Thou art gone to the grave!—but we will not deplore thee,
Though sorrow and darkness encompass the tomb;
Thy Saviour has passed through its portal before thee,
And the lamp of His love is thy guide through the gloom,

Thou art gone to the grave !—we no longer behold thee,
Nor tread the rough paths of the world by thy side ;
But the wide arms of Mercy are spread to enfold thee,
And sinners may die, for the sinless has died !

Thou art gone to the grave !—and, its mansion forsaking,
Perchance thy weak spirit in fear linger'd long ;

But the mild rays of Paradise beam'd on thy waking,
And the sound which thou heardest was the Seraphim's song !

Thou art gone to the grave !—but we will not deplore thee,
Whose God was thy ransom, thy guardian and guide ;
He gave thee, He took thee, and He will restore thee,
And Death has no sting, for the Saviour has died.
Clinton street, February 10, 1847.

THE FADING LEAF.

We do fade as a leaf.—ISAIAH.

It is in the nature of our mental constitution to receive ideas and convey them to others, by emblems. The evident reason of this, is because there is no other way in which ideas can be so easily comprehended, or so clearly unfolded. The mind therefore is continually searching for objects which may be held up to view as visible and clear indices to its conceptions.

The painter knows no other language but that of emblems. He spreads them out upon his canvas ; we gaze upon the picture, and, while not a word is spoken, the most thrilling story may be unraveled to us. The poet, it is true, depends much upon the beauty of his language—his flowing numbers. But what would the perfection of his style gain him, were it not for the striking imagery which he draws from the great storehouse of emblems ? Nor can the philosopher do without them. He even constructs a miniature planetary system, and by it describes the various evolutions, and relative positions of those great bodies which are hanging in space.

Even truths once clearly perceived, may come to us with a tenfold power, if accompanied with some striking analogy. We may receive from the mouth of another a correct description of some noted building which we have never seen ; but if we can look upon a picture of that edifice, we can more distinctly imagine the reality. Just so is it with comparisons. Suitable emblems always make the outlines of the ideal more definite. And even where we have visible demonstrations of truth, the effect of suitable comparisons is never lost. Nor has our benevolent Creator been unmindful of this fact in his construction of the material universe. He has created innumerable objects, and ordained

various operations of nature, which assists us in our inquiries after truth—especially those truths connected with the eternal welfare of the immortal soul.

God not only plainly declares to us, those truths so important for us to know ; but in the same sacred book, he seeks to impress our minds more deeply by presenting them through the medium of emblems familiar to us. The transforming power of the Holy Spirit is compared to wind. "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and then hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth : so is every one that is born of the Spirit." The wicked are likened to a "troubled sea whose waters cannot, but casts up mire and dirt."

But in regard to no one truth is there such a profusion of figures applied, as the wasting away and death of the body, and the consequent vanity of all earthly things. Life is compared to a flying post,—a weaver's shuttle,—a flower that blooms and quickly dies,—to clouds that vanish away. "We are of yesterday and know nothing, because our days upon earth are a shadow." The striking emblems which nature presents are frequently brought forward, and we are urged by the lesson they teach to be mindful of the frail tenure by which we hold this earthly existence.

But reader, there is one emblem which at this season of the year is continually appealing to us in the most solemn manner. It comes with soul-stirring eloquence, and though we refuse to be admonished, we cannot be unmindful of the truth for we see it everywhere. We cannot open our eyes without reading it. Wherever we go, the declaration is before us. It is engraved upon all around that we "do fade as a leaf."

But what is there in leaves that shadows forth man's earthly career, and in what respect does their fading remind us of our own wasting away?

Leaves bloom out fresh and fair, appearing as though they could never die. They murmur the sweetest melody, and dance to the faintest wind that blows. They spread a beauty over the forest whose magnificence can neither be equalled nor transferred by the hand of art. They are the gorgeous attire of objects which, without them, present only a dreary picture—conveying to the mind desponding ideas. In their full verdure, they fill up a vacuum upon which no joyous heart can look with pleasure. Without them, nature seems dying, while with them she has the appearance of springing into perfect life. Were there no green leaves, earth would seem but a vast charnal house, and the blooming of the fairest flowers would appear cold and sepulchral. Their delicate texture would be the lifeless beauty of a corpse. No zephyr's breath would ever visit this dreary world, but instead of their gentle whisperings, sad tones would fall upon the ear, as the tall naked branches of the forest move to and fro in their loneliness. Even the music of waters would lose half its sweetness, for there would be nothing to soften their wild ragings, nor send back to us gentle echoes. Every song of nature would be a fit requiem for the dead, and the weary eye could find nothing of life or beauty on which to rest.

This may appear to many as vain fancyings, with no meaning whatever. But who can tell what would be the effect, if every tree and shrub were to stand year after year leafless, never showing a single sign of life? Even during the brief desolations of winter, who does not feel the sad change, though there is a certainty of a speedy resurrection? but what would it be if there were no returning spring? The most gifted poets speak of nature as dying when the first leaf begins to fade, and of the earth as desolate, when they have all fallen lifeless upon the ground;—and to the reflecting mind there is stern reality amid all the imagery with which poets invest the idea.

We ever connect with the fresh green foliage of summer in its light and airy appearance, the idea of life, of joyousness, and of beauty. But with the contrast as viewed in autumn, there comes a throng of gloomy associations, sad musings of the fading nature of all earthly things. There is that in summer scenery—its perfect animation—its profusion, which tends to banish all thoughts of death. There is

scarcely a token of mortality around us. Here a flower fades, there a leaf falls, but so much life remains it makes but little impression upon the mind. A friend dies, but we gather fragrance and animation from nature, and strew the emblems of the living upon his bier. We then bear him along to his final resting-place, and lay him down where birds sing so sweetly, and flowers and leaves are so full of life, we hardly realize that death is there. We go away half believing that the loved one is only *reposing* from the toils and strifes of the world. We know that he has gone no more to return; but we have not considered that he is fading, and will blacken and crumble to dust like the sear and yellow leaf of autumn. But it is even so. And are we not sensible of it at this season of the year. Are we not conscious that the garb of life which nature has been wearing, sent forth enchantments to draw us away from the real enchantments that are now being dispelled?

We knew all to be mortal and fading, frail in their textures and soon to pass away, yet the enchantment had its effect upon us, and the truth was forgotten while it lasted. Even the soft rustling of summer leaves, and their luxuriance, shed brightness around a grave-yard, clothing the cold marble with beauty. But we love to be thus lured along, that we may forget as much as possible our own mortality, for it is not a pleasing subject to contemplate. We dread to be reminded that soon we must lie down and be chained by the iron hand of death, and then be carried away from present scenes never more to mingle in them. We make no efforts to blot out or change the false coloring, but on the contrary strive to make its hues more brilliant still, by the part we act upon the stage of life. We seek to throw round the gloom of dying a more gorgeous display, and while our own hearts are "beating funeral marches to the grave" we hurry along upon the awful precipice, as if scorning the gulf that is ready to swallow us up. We come into being, and spring into youth and manhood with that sprightliness and vigor that characterizes the living forms of nature. The brightest smiles are now, and joyous words are spoken, though the heart be ill at ease. We tax the energies of mind to invent new sources of pleasure, that all thoughts of passing away may be drowned; and then we engage in those scenes of mirth with the whole soul. If we have wealth, we surround ourselves with a magnificence which has exhausted the power of invention to create, and which gold only can procure. Everything

about us is gaudy. We dwell in palaces, know nothing of toil and care, while every luxury that is pleasing to the sense or taste is enjoyed. Shutting out all gloomy objects, we sit down in repose, unconscious that at every moment the silver cord is being loosed, and the golden bowl broken. Or if we have but little of the things of this world, we go forth with the busy throng to gain them, we rise early, and sit up late, eat the bread of carefulness, that we may gain gold, and thus win the bright things of earth. In short, everything is conducted with reference, not to the truth, but to the fascinating charms of that fiction which nature in her summer time weaves for us. We constantly act in harmony with the idea which leaves and flowers present to the mind. Carried away by it, we imagine earth to be a Paradise, and ourselves its eternal possessors. Imagination tells us all we have to do is to add to its beauty and enjoy it for ever.

Yes, man, like the leaves, exists for a while in health and prosperity, gaily dancing at every breeze of fortune. Like them he has his summer-time, when the world smiles upon him, and his projects are accomplished. Every rill sends joy to his bosom, every gale bears on its wings the sweetest odors. He bows to the illusion and worships at the shrine of the charmer, whose poisonous sting he must ere long feel, for he is mortal and the summer hours of his existence will soon be over. They pass on rapid wings and stay not in their flight though every fountain of pleasure be exhaustless. A change comes. Leaves fade and fall to the ground; and so with man. He goes to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets. Leaves are reft of their life and beauty, and scattered by the rude autumnal winds. Man also must close his eyes in the sleep of death, his freshness torn from him, and his gayest attire exchanged for a shroud—his palace for a coffin—his gilded equipage for the dark-curtained hearse, which is to bear him to the cold damp vault, where he is laid silently down by the mouldering ashes of the dead.

The summer of nature will again appear. Buds will burst forth, and new leaves will clothe the forest fresh and fair as ever. They will send out the same rich tones and wear the same bright aspect. But man's summer, once past, never reappears. There is no budding anew of his existence, unless it be in a brighter and a better world. Seasons may come and go, come and go; but he reappears not upon the stage with mortals. He crumbles to his native

dust, which mingles with that of the leaf. The leaf fades, he fades, and both return to the earth from whence they came.

But, reader, let us examine more closely and view some particulars in which fading leaves are striking emblems of death. "We all do fade as a leaf." But how does a leaf fade? It fades *silently*, without a single premonition; not a note of warning is given, until it has received the shock of death. The poisoning of its fountain of life is done in secret. We cannot mark the moment when leaves begin to fade. We look upon them—they are fair; we look again, and their freshness is gone—they are drooping, languishing away. We may stand in an unbroken forest and watch these changes. We know that death is at work around us, for one by one are these eloquent monitors of the grave deposited in their last resting-place, until the ground is covered, and the branches above become bare. But who, or what tells us of this change? We see there has been ravages; but no voice proclaims it. The wind whispers it, but only in faint intimations—our own footsteps tell it when the sad work is almost done. But we know not when and how it is that leaves begin to fade. We are ignorant of all, until they bear upon themselves the impress that tells us they must die. Thus fades the leaf, and experience as well as revelation declares that we fade in like manner. Who knows when that messenger, who sitteth upon the pale horse, and whose name is death, makes ready his bow and speeds his arrows? Does he ever send a herald to tell us there is need of making ready, for at such a moment the shaft will enter our vitals? We feel the stroke, but he who gives it comes with a noiseless tread;—he is not seen, nor is he heard; but his aim was unerring, and the victim fades like a leaf. We know not of that moment when the bloom of health begins to depart, and paleness creeps silently over the countenance. Can we tell when the bright eye begins to grow dim, the full pulse to beat languidly, and the bounding heart to throb feebly? As we take hold of the trembling hand that once grasped ours with energy, but whose pressure we can now scarcely discern, are we able to say when the power to give this token of friendship its full force was taken away? The voice was once rich and full as the sweet tones of a harp—it is now hollow and can scarcely articulate—it has lost its music. But can we point to the time when the mournful change began? It came like a spectral illusion. It passed our pathway like

a shadow, though in reality, disappearing only, when like the leaf, the dear one has faded and fallen. The church bell may then toll the departure of a spirit, and make known that there is another occupant for the grave; but it never sends out its peals, telling that the destroyer will come at such an hour. Are the light-hearted, and pleasure-seeking throng ever arrested in their wild career, by a message that to-morrow, or next year, the fairest and loveliest of the number will pass away, to join in their festivities no more? Does a friendly voice ever whisper in the ear of the child, as it engages in its innocent sports, that soon, very soon, it will weep over the new-made graves of its parents? Or is that mother, who fondly clasps to her bosom her darling babe, told that the idol of her heart will wear an infant's shroud, and be laid in her own coffin? What voice, reader, dare proclaim, that your winding sheet is woven, the boards for your coffin sawn, and the stone polished that is to be set up over your ashes? Yet it may be even so, for we all do fade as a leaf. The leaf droops silently away, we cannot foretell when. And thus is it with you and me, and the gay world. The work of decay must ere long commence. The fading process will begin, and it will be completed. But the summons will be sent in silence, and we will wear the impress, ere we are conscious of it.

But there is another point in which the fading of leaves resemble the dying of these bodies of ours. Leaves fade *gradually*. They do not all pass away at once. Some droop while others remain fresh and green; and yet before the work commences, we know not which will fade quickest. There is no mark to designate them. But ere long we see that one after another turns pale, and drops from among their fellows. And is not this the way we leave our places in the family circle and in society? We look upon the bright cheerful circle that surround the paternal hearth. We scan the parents, then their offspring, from the eldest down to the little prattler they are caressing. But we know not which seat will become vacant first, and its occupant be carried through the portals of that homestead, a cold corpse! Will it be the parents who have passed the meridian of life, or the elder son beside them, who is just entering upon the busy scenes of the world;—or will it be the little one, who like the bursting rose begins to claim admiration? God only knows. But like the leaves of the forest, they will soon fade. First one goes, and then another,

until finally, they are all laid side by side in the church-yard, and the hearth-stone is forsaken. You look about upon society, but you cannot name the individual whose funeral will be first attended. Yet some one of us must go first. It may be the aged and care-worn, who is expecting his summons, or the young and beautiful who has never thought seriously of dying. It may be the warm-hearted Christian who keeps his lamp trimmed and burning, ready to meet the bridegroom, or the worldly-minded professor who is slumbering at his post. And, oh, it may be the child of many prayers, and of Sabbath school instruction, but who has not made his peace with God. You may be called for this week—before another Sabbath dawns, your mortal remains may lie in the ground.

Many leaves have faded and fallen, but those that remain must drop also. Thousands with whom we began life, have gone into eternity before us. But we must go, too. Gradually do we pass from these airy scenes, following each other in rapid succession. Friend after friend departs. Generation after generation goes; and thus it will continue until the end of time.

I need not ask you, reader, if these be truths. In saying that we are fast going to the grave, that we are fading like the leaf, I need only utter the solemn exclamation, and then point you to those thousand emblems which so eloquently maintain it. They appeal to you more powerfully than words. They clothe the truths in visible forms, then spread them out before you, and by the fitness of the illustration, call upon you to be admonished. And will you scorn or forget the message? Can you look upon nature in her dying hours, and not realize that a similar change must pass over you? When there is death everywhere, can you be unmindful of the perishing material with which your earthly house is constructed? Can you see a leaf fall to the ground, without thinking that you must lie beneath the clods of the valley?

No, you cannot be unmindful of these solemn realities, these lessons which nature is now reading you. But do you act as though you believed them? As you look upon the change that is being wrought around you, and feel that you must change in like manner, do you remember that you have souls that can never die, which experience no decay, but will live for ever in joy or in agony? Are you fitting this spark of immortality for the bliss of Paradise or for the torments of an eternal fire? This is the all-important question, and should absorb every other idea, until your safety be provided for. Your

probation day is fast departing. You know not how soon it will end, for, like the leaf, you fade without warning. If you wait for the transition moment, you are lost for ever. There is no knowledge, nor device in the cold grave to which we haste. But you are familiar with all this; and yet perhaps you procrastinate. Like many a deluded wretch, now beyond that bourne from which no traveller returns, you defer this most important business that can be done in this life. You place upon this fearful uncertainty the rich inheritance above, which is priceless and unfading. You may yet win it, but how small the chance, if you continue to defer!

And what are its advantages? If you gain a sure title, when you fade here, you will go where there is no change, no death;—not even an emblem of dying, but one long, eternal summer. You will wear an immortal form and be
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surrounded with kindred immortalities. You will meet the long lost and loved ones, and sit down with them to the great marriage supper of the Lamb.

This is a fading world. Brightest hopes fade, beauty fades;—everything about us is fading. Even the earth will pass away. But there will be a new heaven and a new earth that cannot perish. Oh, who does not desire a place *there*, when he shall have passed from the dead and the dying *here*? Who would not have a glorious body, and go where there is but glory—nothing but harmony, love and perfect fruition? But, reader, remember that this life is the only time given to secure so priceless an inheritance. And life, you know, hangs upon a brittle thread—it may be severed at any moment. Be wise, then, and ere the unseen hand of death is laid upon you, and you fade as a leaf, secure your soul that cannot fade.

THE CHURCH-YARD.

BY MINERVA CATLIN.

I.

The vestal moon is sad and cold, one pure star at her side
And shifting clouds like dusky palls o'er heavens blue ocean glide,
While through their dim and misty robes the night's pale planets burn
With sweet and chastened radiance from out each golden urn.

II.

Abroad, upon the silent earth, a solitary one
I love to stand when slumber hath her dreary reign begun,
And 'mid a world of chill and snow look up with strange delight
In holy converse with the wild, sad spirit of the night.

III.

The roaring winds with dismal howl sweep through the gloomy woods
Where desolation leagued with death on sullen pinion broods;
Then swelling o'er the distant moor and round each winding hill
Fall on the startled watcher's ear in cadence clear and shrill.

IV.

The snow-clad earth lies cold and dead upon her frozen bier
And on her pale unspotted brow the winter's icy tear,
The music of her songs is hushed—the murmur of the leaf,
The silver ripple of the wave—all save the wail of grief.

V.

The dim complaining forest heaves its huge brown arms on high
That seem like giant forms to cast tall shadows o'er the sky,
Then creaking bend along the ground with wild unearthly shriek
Like falling hosts beneath the charge when war's rude trumpets speak.

VI.

And in these dull and gloomy wilds on such a dreary night
The only waking one I sit 'neath its uncertain light,
And watch the shadows as they chase the moonbeams quivering ray
And see the wandering clouds obscure the stars celestial way.

VII.

And stern December's wailing harp hangs on the leafless bough
Close where the drooping willow and the funeral cypress grow,
And sends its solemn dirges out with wildly mournful tone
Above the silent churchyard where Earth's dreamless dead are gone.

VIII.

And one is there upon whose grave no summer flowers e'er bloomed,
The dying year with palsied hand his manly form entombed—
I did not think a brow by time unwritten thus and bright
Could fade and seek the cold dark tomb 'neath winter's ruthless blight.

IX.

I do not weep when earth is green or autumn gilds the sky
To see the beautiful depart—it seems so sweet to die;
But oh! when storms are beating drear upon each narrow bed
I grieve there is no gentler place for you—my cherished dead.

X.

I know the poor frail body hath but sought its kindred gloom—
The spirit's faded garb alone lies mouldering in the tomb;
But ah! how weak our nature is that shrines in cumbering clay
Enfranchised souls whose chainless flight is marked by glory's ray.

XI.

Thought links the disembodied soul with mortal life's cold chain
And weaves around its glancing form the robe of earth again—
We scarce can rise while veiled in flesh to know the weight we bear
But shrink to lay our fetters down and burst the bonds we wear.

XII.

So fond affection at the urn weeps o'er its crumbling dust,
Yet Faith can lift her glance above and in his promise trust,
Who passed the portal of the grave to open the gates of heaven,
And sealed our passport with his blood and whispers "all's forgiven."



LIFE AND DEATH.

BY KATE M.

[How we came in possession of the following MS. of KATE, is our own secret. We are bound to say, however, that that lady is entirely innocent of all knowledge and connivance in the premises. She wrote it for her own private meditation, and will wonder how it found its way from her quiet little study in Indianapolis, to our sanctum in New York. We are sorry we cannot gratify her very natural curiosity. It might cut off future supplies from the same source.]—Eds.

BEAUTIFUL, oh! how beautiful is this glorious world! As I stand upon this elevated ground, and glance my eyes abroad, I see nothing that is not full of life and energy. The grove of lofty trees that raise their towering heads to catch the dews of Heaven, and to receive the clear sunlight before it is sullied by the touch of aught earthly; the fresh flowers elevating their little forms, and speckling earth's carpet with new and various beauty; the squirrel that hops from bough to bough, or skims with grace "o'er the unbending grass;" the birds, lovelier than all beside, their feathers reflecting the hues of the young flowrets, their tiny forms more graceful and agile than even the swift squirrel, and their voices so clear, so sweet, still beautiful beyond compare, whether sitting with folded wing and drowsy eye, or soaring aloft as though borne "on the wings of the wind;" all these are full of life—life in its beauty—life in its strength! Beyond the grass-covered plain, rushing by the towering woods, I behold the mighty river. Oh! if the song of the birds, the flowers and the trees, are still of life, beautiful life, what says the bright river, rolling on in perpetual flow? I need not bend mine ear; its voice, borne by the breeze, salutes me here. The great waves and the little waves, the water near the pebbly shore, and the water rolling over the black depths of the river's bed, in one mingling voice reply, life, life! I turn my eye inward and hearken to the song of my own frame. How beautifully appropriate are all the parts thereof, and how all, working together, produce the feeling of energetic happiness. The pure blood courses rapidly, yet not wildly, through my veins; the free lungs, refreshed and enlivened, falter not in their life-giving play; my eyes sparkle; my cheeks and lips glow; my form is rounded in the mould of

health; my step is light, and firm, and free. Oh! how good is He who fills all this world with life; to him shall all my days be consecrated.

I am alone. Before me is spread that which gave me so much pleasure a few months since; but the scene is changed. Oh, death! thou hast been at work! I thought, as I looked upon the beauty and strength of all-pervading life, that nought could excel its power; but thou hast arisen to convince me of my error. The trees have lost their lovely summer robes; all bleak and bare, they stretch their long arms abroad, or raise them up on high. No flowers now sprinkle the plain. The squirrel has sought his winter home; the song of the bird is hushed; and that wide, deep river, which seemed to bound along with such animation and glee, now dark and cold rolls its sad waters, singing in a voice so deep and low that it strikes no ear but mine.

I turn my eyes to the glorious setting sun, sinking slowly. Now his disc is beyond my view, but yet a few rays rest on the assembled clouds, like the blessing of a dying father upon his sorrowing children. Now, even these last gleams are departing; the evening shades approach; the twilight dews chill me. Wearily I turn my faint steps homewards, for death, not satisfied with the withered heart of nature, nor with the dirge-like tones that fill the heavy air, has also touched my heart; his impress is on my face and in my eye, for there is no more color nor brightness there; youth and health has he driven away, and in their place has he seated disease and the worn countenance of suffering. My form has lost its roundness, my step its lightness; my voice no more rings merrily on the air; faint and low are the beatings of my heart, or wildly it flutters, as though with every throb it would burst its narrow prison-house; painfully I draw my breath, for the air is heavy and irritates my weakened lungs. Oh! the silver cord is loosening, the golden bowl is breaking. I was but tasting the pleasures of existence with unuttered and unutterable delight, when death came and poisoned the chalice from which I drank. Oh, death! how terrible thou art! how cold thy chilly touch! It thrills every fibre of my freezing frame. Soon the life-blood will cease its weary race, and

then shall I be laid low; the clods of the valley shall cover me; "the place that knows me now shall know me no more for ever."

But hark! a strain of heavenly music fills the air. It touches, it warms my heart, for it sings of life—eternal life—life to be bought by death!

Now my eyes are opened, and I see a glorious vision. Oh, earth, did I call thee beautiful!—oh, life, did I think thee sweet! The

beauty of earth fades, the sweetness of life vanishes away; for now a far more excellent beauty, a far more delicious sweetness is revealed to me. Death, I thank thee that thou hast loosened the chords of this temporal life, for the conqueror of death awaits to give me a crown of everlasting life. Farewell pain, sorrow—farewell, earth; welcome life, joy, Heaven! Oh, why weep for the early dead!

Indianapolis, Ind.

THE BEAUTIFUL GRAVEYARD.

MOUNT HOPE, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

I HAVE visited many of the large cities of our extensive Union, but never was more agreeably surprised than when I first visited the beautiful city of Rochester in New York. Perhaps it was because I never had heard its beauties disanted upon, though I had often listened to accounts of its rapid growth, and fast increasing population, but of its local charms I had heard but little, though I fancy they are rarely equalled.

But I do not here intend to enlarge upon the Genessee, which threads its way amid as beautiful a landscape as the eye ever rested upon—or those Falls of which so much has been written, where sheets of snow-white foam descend in a cataract of nearly a hundred feet—nor of the mill-seats on the shores, each with its own stream of rushing water—or of the not less picturesque "Lower Falls," which, if seen from that most enchanted of all roads, Buel's Avenue, look like hills of moving snow amid the verdant scene. The river Genessee like liquid crystal runs along one side of you, and high walls of rock upon the other side, in some parts covered with rich verdure and luxuriant wild flowers, and again bare and dark with water trickling down the sides and softening the hard stone and crumbling it away—the steep green banks on the opposite shore with their long descents of rude steps—the pleasant looking cottages (what would not look pleasant from such a spot)—no, beautiful as all this may be, I cannot now enlarge upon it, but it is of MOUNT HOPE, the city of the dead, of which I would write. What an appropriate name for a cemetery; it speaks of immortality rather than of mortality. How cheering the sound to those bereaved Christians who lay some beloved one beneath the

sod with the full assurance that she will rise again—"we have laid her in Mount Hope!" Oh! should not all our grave-yards instead of being dull and gloomy receptacles of the dead, be made pleasant gardens and have "*Mount Hope*" inscribed over the gates of these silent cities; with how much less of reluctance would we enter these hallowed spots. And yet of how comparatively late date has been this change. A few years since, where were the pleasant Mount Auburn, the Green-wood Cemetery and Mount Hope?

It was a lovely afternoon early in July as our party drove through the rural city of Rochester to visit Mount Hope. It is a pleasant drive—the children were delighted. I always enjoy the society of children upon a journey; their expressions of delight are so from the heart; nature strikes them so pleasantly, as it did myself lang-syne, and I fancy it is myself again, full of hope and youth. We noticed one beautiful cottage as we passed—beautiful more from its home among the trees and fine shrubs and rare exotics, about the piazza and vines whose tendrils twined so gracefully round the white pillars.

"Those plants are the delight and care of a young invalid," said my friend, "She devotes her time and attention to them constantly when she is able to be round. She has a room in the cottage devoted to them, and cheerful companions does she find them when stretched upon her couch of suffering. She prides herself on her roses, which she rears in great health and beauty, and her chief delight is transplanting these children of her love to Mount Hope, and one of the sweetest in that garden of the dead is where her father and brothers sleep. She has bordered a grave for

herself and mother, and says when God sees fit to call her soul to Himself, her poor body, which has been such a painful load in life, will have a pleasant nook to rest in at last, among roses in the graveyard." Alas! like herself, how much of watchfulness and care do these sweet plants need; the sunlight of love must cheer them alike; and the kindly dews of affection keep them alive; at last both will die; the flowers "will drop without decrepitude and pain into their tomb," while her feeble body wears itself away in suffering, and again, they will both "break forth in glory."

But I am digressing; here we are at Mount Hope; indeed it is a most lovely spot; nature in her own wild state, and art with all her refinements. The pretty pond of clear bright water at the foot of the hill, reflects the blue sky and green borders with a peculiar clearness; the winding road leads up the hill and into dells; green bordered lots with roses planted round them which shed their rich perfume over pleasant graves; deep dells where nature with our hand has planted trees and low brush and fair wild-flowers; rustic steps leading down into shady nooks, where little white tombs appear guarding the peaceful slumberer whose rests there.

But the most lovely part of the ground perhaps is a deep hollow, whether natural or artificial I do not know; but a series of labyrinthian walks lead to a circular grass-plot at the bottom, bordered with flowers. Looking up from this spot, the gravestones upon the terraces, one above another, look like sentinels holding watch over their quiet treasures.

From the summit of Mount Hope, Lake Ontario is seen stretching afar off, though it is distant from Rochester about forty miles. An observatory will soon be completed on this point from which a most extensive and varied prospect can be enjoyed. We wandered about this lovely place—children full of life and health stooping to read the name on some little gravestone, or spelling from some tall monument, letters which they could hardly decipher, with so vague and indistinct an idea of the change that cometh upon all. I do not think the monuments in this cemetery are to be compared with those in Mount Auburn in richness and elegance; but nature is more varied and beautiful here than there.

Beautiful, beautiful Mount Hope! who would not be willing to rest at last within thy pleasant borders; the birds here sing unharm-

ed amid their native trees and the little squirrel bounds unmolested over the low graves; here the wild flowers live their life of beauty and fade away; the trees cast their many colored leaves upon thy bosom, and decorate themselves again in sweet spring time with their appointed garments; the snow of winter, like a silver mantle, covers thee; the soft winds of summer blow over thee; and we hope that all who rest within thy hallowed precincts may rise in spotless and glorified bodies, at the last day, to join the hosts in Heaven. A Sabbath-like stillness reigns around; the children have strayed from our side; and, as they approach, one says in a low sad tone to the other, "Why, Mary, I did not know your mother had so many dead children."

"Not dead children," said a low, sweet voice behind them; "*all living unto God.*"

"They all had heard of the Saviour's dying love, and each little sleeper who rests beneath these sods lived long enough to know the evil of sin and the need of pardon. Three dear ones lie here; the eldest was not ten when she died, and I have a full assurance that they are all safe with God. Oh! I often think," she continued, "how fearful must be the anguish of a parent who lays an unbelieving child within the grave!"

Long and deeply did I muse upon this lesson. Would I be happier if I laid an unrepentant child in Mount Hope, than if he slept in the dreary ocean bed? Could I hope his would be a spiritual and glorified body, that would rise at the last day? Would the beauty of the spot, the blooming flowers, the bird's song, the white monument, take aught from the sting of death? But would it not seem sweeter to lay a believing and Christian friend in the dreariest desert, compared to this?

But the beauty of such spots as Mount Hope have a soothing, and, I trust, a beneficial effect upon the heart; the grave itself is not so clad with terrors. The tomb, the shroud, and the dark abode are forgotten among pleasant nooks and bright flowers, and imperceptibly, a peace is diffused over the heart. We love to come and watch around our treasure, whose earthly form sleeps in a garden of roses; and we are led on and upward to contemplate the glorious kingdom of heaven, where those who die in Christ live again in glory.

C. E. R.

CHRISTIAN TRUST.


WORDS AND MUSIC BY EDWARD HOWE, JR.

Air.

1. When by clouds of doubt sur-round - ed, Lord, be thou my
2. When sweet hope my path - way bright-ens, With its calm and
3. When ex - ult - ing in thy fa - vor, Peace and heav'n - ly

2d Treble.

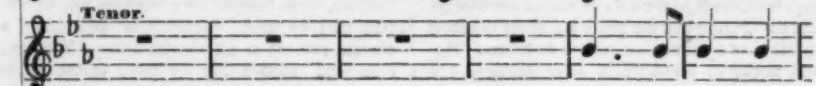
watch - ful guide ; Source of truth and love un - bound - ed,
heav'n - ly ray, 'Tis thy love my heart en - light - ens,
joy a - bound, Then I find a pre - sent Sa - viour,



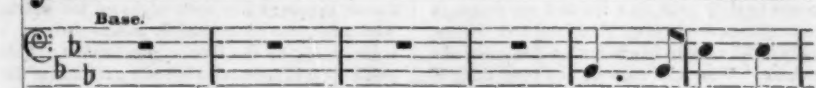
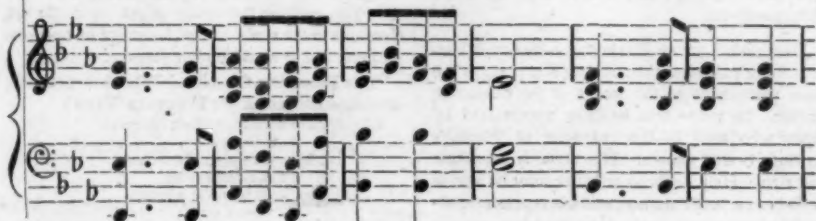
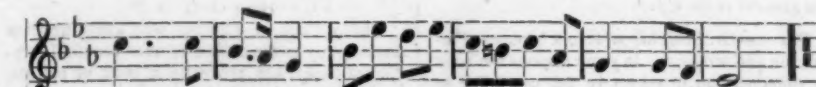
Keep me ev - er near thy side; Faith - ful Guar - dian,
 Chas - ing gloom and fear a - way; Blest Re - deem - er,
 Then my hope with bliss is crown'd; Hum - ble Chris - tian,



Tenor.



Base.

Faith - ful Guar - dian, Hold me, lest my foot - steps slide.
 Blest Re - deem - er, Let me nev - er from thee stray.
 Hum - ble Chris - tian, Thou the pearl of price hast found.






PARLOR TABLE.

BOOKS, BOOKS.—The presses have been uncommonly prolific during the past month, and as a result, there has been a flood of matter sent out to the world, which has been proportionably worthless. Some most excellent and valuable additions have been made to the sum of human knowledge. But the binding and the paper are by far the most valuable and interesting portion of others. Novels, works of fiction which have outraged our nature in their plots, and insulted our reason in their claims, have been abundant, and we are ready to lift up our hands among this mass, and exclaim, "Who will show us any good thing?" We have courage, however, to hope for better things to come.

HAZLITT'S LIFE OF NAPOLEON.—Wiley & Putnam have published this, the last and perhaps the most permanent of the works of the celebrated author. Its value will be fully appreciated by those who read it—the character of Hazlitt's writings is well known. His style is attractive and rich. Had he been a better man he would have been a better author, and his reputation, already great, would have been doubtless among the greatest of the age.

PLATO.—Dr. Pond has written a book on Plato's life and writings. In some respects the book is valuable, and in others we feel compelled to differ from the author in his opinions. In any case the work is one that will commend itself to all readers, and being small and beautifully got up, will make a pleasant companion and an ornament to the parlor table.

We are glad to see a disposition prevalent to open the graves of the old philosophers. As Poets we love them, if as nothing else. But there lay a depth of truth under their obscurities which needed only the light of revelation to make it shine out gloriously. Their reasonings were the graspings of the mind of man, in the twilight of natural light alone, after an unseen God. We have never found an hour passed in the company of those old sages thrown away, nor has it ever been with other than pleasure that we have studied their beautiful theories of Philosophy. And yet we have loved their poetry more than their Philosophy.

PICTORIAL HISTORY OF ENGLAND.—The Harpers continue the publication of this admirable work. The nineteenth number is before us. The value of the work will render it necessary to all general readers, and the style in which it is published will make it an ornament to any table.

THE ANGLO-SAXON GOSPELS.—We greet with pleasure every attempt to lead the people of this age to look at the past. The spirit of the age is progressive, and eminently so in language. The corruptions which have been introduced into the English, have become so numerous and important, that its whole character is undergoing a change, and not at all for the better. We have been long satisfied that the study of the Anglo-Saxon language has been neglected too much, while other and comparatively useless studies are made to fill up the time of the student. This publication in connexion with the grammar of the Anglo-Saxon language by Klipstein, who edits this also, will, as the editor hopes, we doubt not, conduce to the study of the language of our forefathers, and to a still higher purpose.

THE FROISSART BALLADS.—Who has not read, and does not remember FLORENCE VANE?

"Thou wast fairer than the roses
In their prime,
Thy voice excelled the closes
Of sweetest rhyme.
Thy heart was like a river
Without a main;
Would I had loved thee never,
Florence Vane!"

Philip Cook, of Virginia, who has long been known only as the author of this beautiful creation of fancy, has published a book of ballads, beautifully giving in rhyme some old legends, and promising more if these be liked. Such poems as ORTHONE and SIR GEOFFREY TETENOIRE, will be read and re-read by all lovers of the beautiful. If we mistake not, Mr. Cook is insured a fireside seat with all such, and a home in the hearts of all poets. Not the least admirable characteristic of his book is the independence with which it is sent out. "Like it or not, as you please," is the evident thought of the author. We like it.

THE BOOK OF THE FEET.—This is the last and oddest addition to the literature of the age. A history of boots and shoes, with illustrations, is an idea novel enough to cause a demand for the book; these illustrations are good in their way. We notice on the vignette an Egyptian sandal, with a picture on it. It is a picture of one of the shepherd kings. The old Egyptians, when they drove that dynasty from the banks of the Nile, held them in such utter contempt and hatred, that they wore pictures of them on their sandals, so that they might tread on them at every step. This book, we are inclined to think, really valuable. It is certainly readable. It has been well received in England, and is handsomely re-published by Graham.



ALPES

View from the Grand Hotel

W. H. Bartlett

THE

CHRISTIAN PARLOR MAGAZINE.

APRIL, 1847

KEEPING TAVERN BELOW, OR, 'SQUIRE BALL AND HIS CUSTOMERS.

In the town of Kinsington, in the State of ———, there was a small tavern keeper by the name of Ball. He was an easy, well-to-do sort of a man, who had a great longing to be rich. He had not always been a politician, but when he started in life he was a farmer, and still he kept his farm, and raised most of the money from it which he wanted for his daily use. As this farming brought him in very little ready money, he took it into his head to try some other way of adding to his income.

He lived on the Corners, near the meeting-house, and while the store, and the blacksmith-shop, and the post-office, and a dozen other establishments, were right there, they had no tavern. Mr. Ball was tempted to hang out a sign and begin the offering words, "Entertainment for man and beast," which were common on tavern signs up in that part of the country, signifying that where people and beasts could both be accommodated there. He thought there was a chance of getting rich, especially as he was a member of the church, kept his Bible in his box, and often talked to his customers of the blessedness of religion, and the value of the hope of heaven, which he had indulged ever since he was a boy. It was Squire Ball's custom, for he was a justice of the peace, and therefore called the 'Squire

by everybody, it was his custom, I say, to close his bar-room at ten o'clock every night, unless the run of custom at the bar made it expedient to dispense with the custom; but on ordinary occasions he was wont to shut up at ten, and when all were gone, he would take his Bible and read a chapter, and then he would kneel down and pray with so loud a voice that he could be heard by the neighbors for a considerable distance around; so that he was sure they all knew that he was a praying man. He got a name for this, and as it was known that he prayed in the bar-room where he sold his rum, it was reasonable to infer that the 'Squire was a very conscientious man in his business. Certainly he would not pray in his bar-room, yet to be sure, not, unless he feared God, and meant to keep his commandments.

One night there was upon an evening in the 'Squire's bar-room. Some of his customers were more than usually excited. Two of them were so drunk that he put them out of the house, and when they sought to return, he drove them off with a horse-whip. As those who were not quite so drunk, were even more turbulent. They finally proceeded from loud words to fighting, and one of them was beaten so badly that they were obliged to carry him home helpless and bleeding. It was